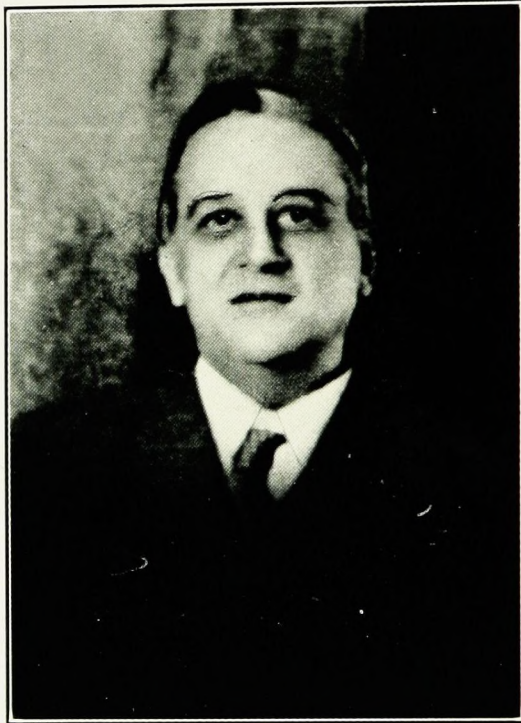


STANSTEAD-COLLEGE

ANNUAL

1935



This issue of the Stanstead College Annual is respectfully dedicated to the memory of the late Herman P. Stockwell, M.D., C.M., who for many years faithfully ministered to the needs of students and teachers of the College.

HENRY PERKINS STOCKWELL

by Hermon A. Carson

During this school-year the College sustained a very great loss in the untimely death of its highly respected physician and well-beloved friend, Henry Perkins Stockwell who after a protracted, though severe, illness passed away at his home on December 29, 1934.

Dr. Stockwell was a true son of the Eastern Townships. He was born in Danville, Que., on September 13, 1875, being the son of William H. and Mary (Goodhue) Stockwell. He was educated at Danville Academy and at St. Francis College, Richmond, at which institutions he revealed a keen mind and demonstrated a splendid capacity for work.

He subsequently studied medicine at McGill where he graduated with honours in 1898, after which he interned in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, for a period of eighteen months. In 1901 Dr. Stockwell opened a practice in Derby Line, Vt. This he discontinued to follow some post-graduate courses in New York. In 1904 Dr. Stockwell returned to the Boundary Villages and made Stanstead his head-quarters, and here he remained until his death.

On June 3, 1903, Dr. Stockwell married Mabel A. Miller of Dundee, Que. Mrs. Stockwell, who is a graduate nurse, was to her husband an invaluable assistant as well as a devoted wife.

In addition to his widow, Dr. Stockwell leaves behind him five stalwart sons: Henry Perkins Jr., of Ottawa, Herman Goodhue of Montreal, Ivan Miller of Buckingham, Walter Chipman and William Gordon, at present students at McGill University. These young men were all trained at Stanstead College.

Other near relatives are Dr. Stockwell's aged mother, two brothers and five sisters.

The funeral, which it was my privilege to conduct, was held at Dr. Stockwell's late home and at his special request was marked with great simplicity. The large gathering of sincere mourners was but one of the many evidences of the esteem in which Dr. Stockwell was held in the community.

At this service I referred briefly to Dr. Stockwell's high standing in the medical profession, to his influence for good in the community, to his humanitarian instincts, to his unselfishness, to his faith in God, characteristics which contributed to his massive character.

On the last day of the Old Year, the weary and worn body of our friend and physician was reverently laid away in a beautiful spot in Chrystal Lake Cemetery by a host of sorrowing friends and neighbours, but his rare spirit of confidence, courage and faith goes marching on. This noble character will ever remain an inspiration and a challenge to succeeding generations — especially to succeeding generations of students of Stanstead College.

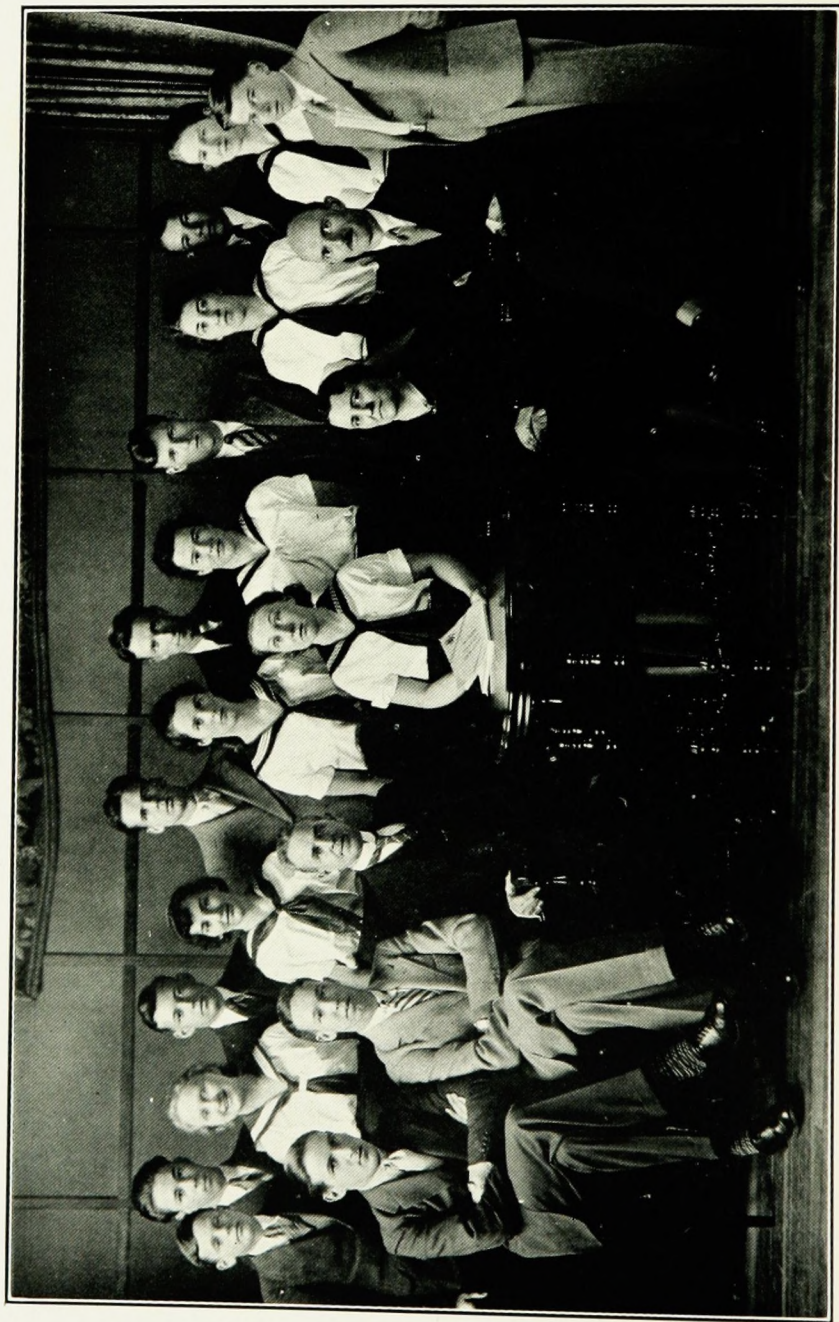
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember him.

STAFF CHANGES

"What we have we hold", is the motto of Stanstead College with regard to its staff. It is the policy of the College to secure teachers who will become more or less permanent fixtures — who will build themselves into the life of the School.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scott returned to the School after a year's leave of absence. Mrs. MacIntosh and Mr. E. Carter, B.A., who have filled in for them during the year, dropping out. Miss Jean Campbell will be back teaching singing and Miss Louise Masten, B.Mus., who has substituted for her will withdraw. Miss Jean Macdonald, B.A., after two years in the Model School has resigned. Her place is being taken by Miss Frances Walbridge, B.A. Mrs. Gordon is withdrawing from active work in the Conservatory. Her place is being taken by Miss Elma Martin. Our staff next fall will therefore contain only two new teachers and one of these has already acted as student teacher.

To those who are leaving we express our warmest thanks for their fine services, while to those returning we say "welcome home", and to those coming for the first time we also extend a hearty welcome.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Joie Redheffer, Alfred Philip, Don Adam, Jim Rahr, Mr. Carter, Philip Poaps
 Kob't McIntosh, Marg. Walsh, Marcelle Gorham, Andy Cameron, Peggy Lamb, Doreen Melrose, Elma Martin
 Jim MacNab, Don Poaps, Mr. J. D. McFadyen, Beatrice Walsh, Miss F. Godue, Prin. E. C. Amaron, Billy McKeage
 Bus. Mgr. Editor.

STANSTEAD COLLEGE ANNUAL

Published at Stanstead, P. Q., by the Annual Committee.

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	- - - - -	Beatrice Walsh.
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	- - -	Adrienne Cameron, Peggy Lamb, Elma Martin, J. Tilton.
<i>Advisory Committee</i>	- -	Mr. E. C. Amaron, Mr. E. Carter, Mr. D. Hackett, Miss F. Godue.
<i>Business Manager</i>	- - - - -	Mr. J. D. McFadyen.
<i>Assistant Business Managers</i>	- -	D. Adams, Doreen Melrose.
<i>Art Editor</i>	- - - - -	J. Redheffer.
<i>Sports Editor</i>	- - - - -	J. MacNab.
<i>Reporters</i>	- -	E. Middleton, W. Rahr, P. Poaps, A. Philip, D. Poaps, Margaret Walsh, Marcelle Gorham, W. McKeage, R. MacIntosh.

VOL. XXXIII

STANSTEAD, QUE.

JUNE, 1935

UNDER HEAVEN ONE FAMILY

"Surely a verse from the Sermon on the Mount!" I hear someone say. If not, then the wild dream of some enthusiast, which is all very well as a dream, but never likely to be realized. Well, it is nothing of the sort. It comes from one of the most matter-of-fact people in the world, and never could have anything to do with the traditions of the Kingdom of God as we read of it in the Gospels. It is an ancient Chinese proverb, and we would do well to ponder that fact.

Yes, it is true that appearances are against a proper togetherness of so many races and peoples; speaking as they do different languages, harbouring diverse ideas and ideals, treasuring diverse traditions, and seeming to be at variance with one another if not in open competition and enmity. But there are two important facts to bear in mind about all this, and every student should examine them in detail. Not so many generations ago there were as many local animosities in France as there are today in the continent of Europe. Few things are more informing than a study of the way the regional cultures (even languages) of what is now the most consolidated national group in the world required literally centuries before they came into line, and were "assimilated" into something like a homogeneous whole. The same is true in a lesser degree of the United Kingdom. Again, with all the things that separate us as racial and national (and religious!) groups from one another, the living and active forces that make for understanding and at least a loose unity

are not lacking. Let us look at them for a moment.

First the obvious fact that men and women everywhere on this earth are physically of one genus. They have similar bodily structure and functions, know the same urges and needs, and respond more or less to the same stimulus in the same way. That should not be forgotten, when the outward fact of color looms up to separate us. Further mankind is distinguished from the other animals by certain things — the same things, anywhere on earth, e.g. his use and creation of tools, his ability to hand down to his children acquired experience, his power of speech and writing; which make possible what we call the cultural heritage into which we were born. Curiously enough this heritage is so similar the whole world over that we now go to what we call "primitive" peoples in order to get light on what our own forefathers were like long ago!

Finally, (though this is not the whole story), the no less obvious fact that thought and its processes, the arts and their uses, the organization of cultural and economic living virtually the world over has been and is today of a single kind. I mean this that the mathematics of an Occidental and Oriental are the same. The fact is, that a scientist or an artist from India will be a lot closer to a Swedish scientist or artist than he will be to a farmer of his own people; especially if they chance to be of different castes, as is almost certain. So too the English musician will be more at home with the Negro musician than with white folk who do not know one note from another. Unless we have let silly prejudices or fears get the better of us, the essential thing that will count for us in relation to others (whether individuals or groups) will be our interests. What is it we live by, and for? What do other folk live by, and for? On the basis of common or diverse sets of values, we shall determine the hope of something like peace and harmony in the world.

Now I do not wish to leave out the foundation matter of getting a living. It just *is* true that many of the major, and often very bitter, upheavals of humanity — whether wars or wanderings, conquests or devastations, have been rooted in the struggle for existence. "The first business of man is to live!", said a noted sociologist long ago. But there have been more and worse wars fought for reasons that were not economic than for ones that were. What is more, the farther we go the less need there is for any anxiety on the score of a living. Looking back into history we can find many a terrible famine or pestilence that visited a whole people; but no one with a knowledge of the facts will argue that such things need recur today. Not even an earthquake is the disaster it used to be. Technical science, communications, and the sense of fellow-feeling that have made such strides in a century have made almost unnecessary famine or pestilence anywhere. On the other hand the better exploitation of the "good" earth has driven out forever the inevitability

of periodic starvation calamities. If we only *would*, we *could* put an end to the economic ground for any quarrelling over territory, or natural resources or anything else of a material nature.

That leaves at bottom one sole ground for disputes, hostilities and mutual destruction. It may be summed up in the phrase "love of power". Such power may be one time political, another economic, or again what we may call cultural. It may dominate a neighbour people, or it may exploit them. It may go no further than constantly threatening to overawe them. In any case, being a selfish thing, it is a menace to peace.

Reversely the fear of such power, even if and when it is more imaginary than real, is a serious obstacle to peace. Not whether one nation is likely to be victimized by another but whether it fancies that it may be is often the source of endless unrest and trouble.

Here too we have come a long way in the last generations. It may be said that in theory at least the principle of Liberty was vindicated and won with the French Revolution. In the same way the sister principle of Equality — for peoples, languages and religions, was vindicated by the World War; so that in theory at least no race or nation or faith can any more claim to the Divine Right to lord it over another. As yet neither of these principles operates as it should, being rather a mechanical than a spiritual factor; for the simple reason that they are shadow rather than substance without the articulation of the third member of the Trinity — Brotherhood. This we must achieve, and the feeling of Christians is that it can only be won if and when we recognize a common Fatherhood.

I cannot touch here on the vital matter of ways and means for settling disputes between nations and states, which will do in this field what civil and criminal courts have come to do between individuals; taking the place of the old blood-revenge and personal satisfaction practices. That we must get them is evident to all, and a measure of progress has been made. What concerns me most is the atmosphere in which such ends may be hoped for, the spirit in which we must all approach the issue.

So I will end this brief homily with another proverb, one that in its way is as full of meaning as the other I started with. It is from Switzerland, and in German reads thus: "Hinter den Bergen gibt's auch Leute!" Behind the Mountains there are People too! That is what we need badly to realize. The moment we do half the battle will be won, and the prospect of a single Family under the broad Heavens will be brought much nearer.

— William J. Rose.

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

by

T. E. AUSTIN

I

Biographies of great men are always interesting for they not only give us an account of outstanding accomplishments, but they also provide us with an insight into the working of significant minds. I dare to believe that this sketch of Dr. Lynn Harold Hough will prove interesting to the reader, despite the fact that it may be poorly written and in other ways leave much room for improvement. There are some people whose name fails to stir our emotions. I feel certain that those who know Dr. Hough will agree that this is not the case where he is concerned. Anyone who hears him speak, becomes one of his admirers and is unable to listen to his name being mentioned without instantly becoming alert with a sort of eager expectation.

The reason for my having selected Dr. Hough for the subject of my essay is that I heard him speak here at Stanstead two years ago, and as a result of this I have become interested in this distinguished Christian gentleman.

II

Dr. Hough was born in Cadiz, Ohio, in 1877. He attended the Cadiz High School and then went to Scio College, Ohio, from which he received his B.A. degree in 1898. Drew University granted him the B.D. in 1905.

As a youth Dr. Hough was very delicate and was forced to spend much of his time indoors. Consequently he read a great deal. The "Religious Education" Journal was able to say of him: 'Dr. Hough is probably one of the best read ministers in the United States.'

Throughout his distinguished career Dr. Hough has been the recipient of numerous honorary degrees, one of which was from a Jesuit University.

Dr. Hough is at present fifty-eight years of age. He is of a dark complexion. His head is well covered with hair which he parts in the middle — it usually falls down on either side, and he is continually pushing it back. He has sharp, clear cut features, touched off by a small moustache. He is about five feet nine inches in height and is possessed of an upright posture. Every action seems to show a hidden supply of energy, which lends colour to his speaking. In fact, unless you have seen Dr. Hough, and "seen" him speak, you have missed one distinct side of his life. Sermons take on a special light when he delivers them.

III

During his lifetime Dr. Hough has held many important positions, including the presidency of Northwestern University. He has been

minister of the American Presbyterian Church (United Church of Canada) in Montreal and is now Dean at Drew.

Dr. Hough is in great demand as a lecturer and special preacher. He has addressed great gatherings in all parts of the United States and Canada, and of England and Scotland. He was the special preacher at the opening of the last session of the League of Nations at Geneva.

Dr. Hough is also a voluminous writer. To date something like thirty books have come from his pen.

IV.

Few men today find themselves so much at home as does Dr. Hough in the literature and history of all the ages. If Dr. Hough had been consulted as to his preference of time and place of birth, he would probably have said, 'About the fifth century, B.C. providing I may live in Athens.' The people of the City Temple in London said of him: that they had never heard a man "who was more easily and happily at home in the intellectual realm, with those immortals who made Greece forever glorious, and gave to the whole world an imperishable heritage."

Coupled with Dr. Hough's exhaustless background should be mentioned his instinct for pointed and vivid texts and illustrations. For instance I shall never forget "The Clan of Gallant Gentleman" nor "Naphtali is a hind let loose. He giveth goodly words. Naphtali upon the high places of the field."

V.

Dr. Hough has greatly helped us to understand him by collecting his pronouncements on certain great issues and publishing them in book form. Before breaking into print Dr. Hough seems to read everything significant about the subject at hand, then he allows the new material to seep through the filter of his extensive background: what remains is then worked over with the writer's keen intellectual tools and finally appears a distinguished, finished product.

When the controversy about the supremacy of the natural law was raging, and the behaviorists and other mechanists were having a field day on the intellectual gridiron, Dr. Hough released his great work, "Personality and Science". In this book Dr. Hough pleads for the right relationship between Science and the Scientist. He stresses the fact, which seems to have been missed by the unconscious behaviorist, that in every scientific discovery or invention the really important factor is the free moving intelligence or mind of the Scientist. "But always," writes Dr. Hough speaking of the Industrial Revolution, "there was the keen and persistent thought. Always there was the observing and experimental mind. Not a pressure of steam does work, but the mind of man is behind it. Not a wheel turns but intelligence is the cause of the turning." In summing up the case for personality Dr. Hough writes: "So we come

upon the heart of the whole matter. And nothing in the history of science or the history of morals invalidates this central insight. We misunderstand science when we turn mechanists. We misunderstand morals when we turn mechanists. The materials of conduct find their very significance in the fact that they are subject to ethical control. And even our Utopian dreams are an expression of that freedom which cannot be divorced from responsibility."

Not satisfied with a defensive attitude on the question of human personality Dr. Hough has stated his position positively in such books as *Evangelical Humanism* and more recently in the first of the *Forest Essays "Vital Control"*. In these works, particularly in the latter, Dr. Hough shows his indebtedness to such stalwart writers as the late Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. In his writings on Humanism Dr. Hough makes a strong case for standards and distinctions. He claims all the strengths of Humanism while refusing to accept its false positions.

In better words than I could hope to use Dr. Hough in his book *"Vital Control"* sums up his humanistic beliefs as follows: "It may well appear that the problems connected with the great and vital word Humanism are almost as manifold and as significant as the dilemmas which confront man in his experience of living in the fascinating and difficult world. But if one begins with a humanism which sharply sets apart the values which emerge with the coming of man's critical intelligence from the elements which belong to the orders of experience beneath him, and perpetually asserts the importance of loyalty to the sanctions which appear upon this level, he will have the root of the matter in him."

VII.

The really important meaning of life begins to be seen in the end of the paragraph from which I have just quoted. Life for Dr. Hough can only be adequately interpreted in terms of the Spiritual and Religious. Continuing the quotation Dr. Hough says: "And as he goes on to use the qualities of critical intelligence, as they exist on the human level, as a clue to the nature of the universe itself, he will be moving in sound and dependable fashion. Then his own process of dialectic will meet the Christian religion and the two will fit together as a hand fits in a glove. And so Humanism will become, what long ago Clement of Alexandria called Greek Philosophy, a slave to lead men to that figure in whom they will find the consummation of their intellectual and moral and spiritual life. That figure, Jesus Christ, takes the central place in all Dr. Hough's thinking. Sermon after sermon ends on the same note. Everything and everybody have to be measured by this Standard — Jesus Christ is the ultimate end, the consummation of all our endeavours. "So life's passion grows from strength to strength, from goodness to

greater goodness, from beauty to beauty of subtle loveliness, from moral and spiritual hopes to moral and spiritual fruitions. And every stage of the process is a stage in the universal victory of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

No one can deny the greatness of Dr. Hough's intellectual powers and achievements though interpretations of the source of his power may vary. His own answer to such a question is I believe found in these words taken from a sermon entitled: "Preparing a Missionary Sermon Today" "Indeed such honesty is sure to drive men to a new and startled understanding of that figure which Gilbert Chesterton once described as the God upon the Cross. In that sentence I think I have said everything. I can go on preaching missionary sermons as long as I live if I can be sure of the God upon the Cross. And Christian experience is the perpetual renewal of that assurance.

Notes- This essay (somewhat abbreviated) was prepared by the writer as his term work in the Grade XI Course on Religious Education, "Spiritual Interpretation of Life."



VALEDICTORY

We have come to another Convocation. Those of us who are graduating this year dread the imminent parting from all that we have grown to love. Yet we cannot feel that the sole purpose of a valedictory is to say "good-bye". This is the end of a definite period in our lives. We are about to begin our tasks in a world in which established institutions are on trial. This is a time of great unrest, when formerly accepted standards are questioned. Social, political, and economic conditions are in a state of drastic upheaval. To all truly great people unfavourable conditions have been incentives to high endeavour: Demosthenes, weak voiced, declaiming by the seashore; Milton, blind, writing "Paradise Lost"; Beethoven, deaf, composing the Ninth Symphony. Remembering these and other brave souls who have, through courage, won success under disheartening circumstances, we, the younger generation, must not allow ourselves to fall into the pessimistic attitude of many of our elders, seeing the dark places rather than the bright ones, saying the world is in a terrible state, and then sitting back to let things drift, but not for the same reason. We are often too indifferent, too concerned with our own petty affairs to turn our enthusiasm to something of account.

However, this indifference is gradually giving way to an awakening interest in the events which are taking place in the world; and the more this interest is aroused in young people the world over, the better for the world.

Do we tend to shirk responsibility, saying "We have but limited opportunity for studying existing political and social conditions." Limited opportunity! with the radio, newspapers and magazines on every hand? The Model Assembly of the League of Nations which has been held here for the past two years has offered young people a splendid chance for acquiring new ideas, and it is our own fault if we have lacked the initiative to profit thereby.

We young people must come into our own. Ours is the task of attempting to bring order out of chaos in this changing civilization. It is a tremendous task and one which will take every ounce of our energy and resourcefulness. We must profit by the mistakes of past generations, harken to the voice of age and experience, and press forward toward the goal of world fellowship and prosperity.

What the world needs is people of strong convictions; convictions based on freedom of thought and speech. Let us be thankful that in Canada and the United States all our institutions are based on this principle.

Here at Stanstead we have been guided in our thinking and have

been given varied opportunities for developing convictions that will be forceful because they are our own.

As we lift our physical eyes to the hills which surround lovely Stanstead, and our spiritual eyes to the lofty peaks of achievement which loom before us, all of us are resolved that, with God's help, we will do that which is ours to do.

On this, our Convocation, we realize what our life here has meant to us. What thoughts the name of our college will ever bring to our minds — the bewilderment of the first days and the friendly senior who showed us around; initiation and its attendant woes; the "heart" bright with flowers; autumn foliage and sunsets; choice friendships with both students and teachers; examinations; Convocation; memories both happy and sad, but all to be treasured.

For the good which we have derived we owe much to the trustees. They have provided these wonderful opportunities for us. Every forward move which they have made has been for our benefit. We appreciate their faithful work and sincerely hope that they may keep Stanstead prospering.

The privileges offered, however, would not have been available to us had it not been for our parents, who have sacrificed that we might be better prepared for our life work. It is for us to prove to them that their labour and love has not been in vain.

To you, Mr. and Mrs. Amaron, we owe much of the happiness and success which has been ours. Your faith and friendly interest in each one of us have been a constant guide and inspiration.

To the staff who have always been ready to give us sympathetic counsel we pay tribute. You have exemplified in your teaching the real meaning of education — "to lead out." It is largely due to your influence that we have attained in any measure the goal which you set for us.

To the undergraduates we say, make the most right now of the opportunities which are offered you. Too soon, you also will come with mingled joy and sorrow to the time when you will take your places in the larger activities of the world. How splendid it will be if you can say, "Opportunity knocked at our door and we heeded her every call." We wish you happiness which comes from work well and faithfully done.

And so with regret for the parting, with faith in the present, and hope for the future, we bid old Stanstead a fond farewell.

— Barbara Bliss.

THE ACADEMY

CLASS PROPHECY FOR GRADE XI '34-35.

Opening Scene — Stanstead College: the Annex.

Time — 2035 A.D.: Hallowe'en Day.

"Jack, do you remember that old book of plays we found in the attic? Let's go over to Sunnyside, and try that one about the chestnuts — its Hallowe'en to-day!"

"Not a bad idea, let's go!"

"Quiet now, don't let anybody hear you, we don't want to be nicked — where's the handle to this door? Ah! here we are! Now for the cellar. Got the Chestnuts? — Good — put them beside the fire here — now! let's wait and see what happens."

Look — they've gone! Gosh! There's a light coming up behind you!"

"Who calls me from my sleep?"

"Who are you?"

"I am the Sunnyside Ghost! Where did you obtain the secret to awaken me?"

"From an old book we found in the attic; it belonged to a fellow named Loomer or something funny!"

"You mean Luker. There was a foolish fellow, but the rest of the class was not so bad at that."

"Tell us about them!"

"Very well — they graduated one hundred years ago, in 1935, and a rowdy lot they were. Let me think, there was:

Viola Astle	Kay Bready	Happy Austin
John Tilton	Walter Scott	Don Adam
Don Gordon	Lens Luker	Art Smith
Jim Rahr	Peggy Lamb	Bea Walsh
Gerry Whitehead	Andy Cameron	Jim MacNab

"Viola Astle was a good girl in school, but she met John Tilton again in later years. A flowering romance sprang up between them, and the date had been set, when John's business ran short of funds. John told "Butch" that he would have to go away for a while to figure the matter out, and immediately headed for Mexico. Viola was broken-hearted over the loss of her lover. She attempted to enter a convent, but they would have 'nun' of her, so she spent the rest of her days in search of her old beau Gerry Whitehead.

Don Gordon and Jim Rahr realizing the possibilities in their superb tenor voices, took up the noble art of hog-calling. They practised for several years, and then decided to try out for the All-American Team. On their first try, two pork-sandwiches, one dozen sausages, and eight road-hogs answered the summons. They tried again, with such volume, that an ostrich in Australia stuck its head in the sand to hide from the approaching dinosaur. On their third try, however, their voices broke and they were forced to live in poverty the rest of their days.

Poor Gerry Whitehead passed away early. He fell asleep in the bath once with the water running, but luckily for him, he sleeps with his mouth open. Several days later he was removed in haste to the hospital where he died of water on the brain. His family insisted, however, that it was thirst for knowledge.

Kay Bready opened a combination glue and chewing-gum factory and did a very prosperous business. She became the second party in a very beautiful romance, but her business had made her so stuck up, that she gummed up the works. Broken-hearted she threw herself into a tub of molten mastication material and thus came to a 'gluesome' end.

Walter Scott was a nice fellow despite his idiosyncracies, but the poor chap ended up in an institution for the feeble-minded — an insane asylum, I think they called it. Some time after he had left school he was walking down the street with his hands roaming aimlessly in his pockets, when he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks. Then with a horrifying shriek, and an Archimedian flourish he yelled "Eureka" — then dashing madly up to a policeman, he waved something in the astounded man's face, and fell into a fit. When they finally succeeded in prying his hand open, they found, among odd bits of airplanes and motor cars a small chipped class-pin with the date '35 on it.

Lens Luker, from force of habit became a postman, made a pile of extra money by signing "Camel" ads, and then retired. They say that he worked at the same job for so long that he lost his 'sole', for he shot his little son who innocently remarked: "I want to go to Stanstead, and follow in my father's footsteps."

Peggy Lamb and Adrienne Cameron met in Montreal, and after short debate, they decided to join the W. C. T. U. They finally "increased in wisdom and understanding," till Peggy became vice-president and Andy became secretary-treasurer. They then opened a campaign for erasing all the barroom signs, and a-raising all the faces from the barroom floors. After forty years of faithful endeavour, they gained the reputation of never having touched a drop. (How nobody found out, I don't know.) They retired on a pension, and returned to spend the rest of their days at Stanstead.

T. Ellithorpe Austin took advantage of his superb acting qualities and went on the stage. He soon realized what a good line he could string, and decided to become a fisherman. The rest, I heard from his family. One day after a strenuous night of rejoicing (he'd just obtained a divorce) a cod-fish stuck its head out of the water and asked him what time it was. Ever since then he has been trying to cash all his pay checks at the Grand Banks.

Art Smith joined forces with the Winged Wheeler Rugby squad, and for five years held the reputation of being the best water-boy in the League. One day, in Montreal, he met Don Adam, and together they opened a butchershop in one of the shaky tenement buildings in Westmount. Sad to say, however, there was a terrible earthquake, and the bottom fell out of the market.

Bea Walsh took up sports as a profession and in 1948 made her bid to join the Canadian Olympic Team. She showed magnificent form in the shot-put and discus, but when her turn for the javelin-throw came, she fell down on the job and broke the javelin. She retired and got married, to keep in practice in case she felt like making a comeback.

I'm growing tired now and I think that is all No! I forgot about the last fellow, but don't blame me, everybody else did too.

For ten years, Jim MacNab was the most important man in the Boston Symphony Orchestra — he carried music for the musicians — still carrying notes for other people. (?) Once, after sorting out music for 48 hours steady, he fell asleep between the sheets. For this he was fired, and the last I heard of him he was playing for the Brodie Flour program at 7:30 in the morning, when nobody was awake to hear him.

I've told you all I know, and I think I'd better go back to where I came from. You can do me a big favour by destroying that book before somebody else discovers the secret, and wakes me up. Farewell!"

— J. MacNab.



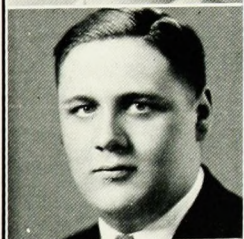
Beatrice Elizabeth Walsh — "Bea" 1930-'35.
 Editor College Mag '35. Seicl: '33-'34, '34-'35.
 Dramatics: '35. Tennis '34. Debating '32-'33.
 Hockey: '34-'35. Basketball: '32-'33, '33-'34, Capt.
 '34-'35. Sec'y A. A. '34-'35.
 Favorite Occupation: Getting other people's ideas
 on the subject.
 Favorite Expression: "Well!"
 Pet Aversion: Snoopy people.



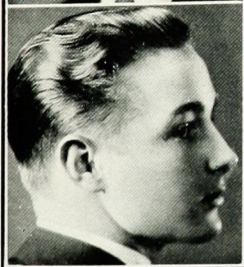
James MacNab — "Jimmy" 1932-'35.
 "Ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna' change
 its bend!"
 Rugby: '32, '33. Basketball: '33-'34, '34-'35.
 Track: '32-'33, '33-'34, (Capt.) '34-'35. Hockey:
 '34, (Capt.) '35. Vice-Pres. A.A. '34-'35. Sports
 Editor Mag. '35. Class Prophet.
 Favorite Occupation: Just "Joan" seem to be able
 to think of any.
 Favorite Expression: It's got us 'Peat'.
 Pet Aversion: Debating.



Kathleen Ena Bready — "Kay" 1928-'35.
 "How can I be so much frightened for this rude
 man?" Seicl '34, '34-'35. Mag. Board '34. Soft-
 ball '32, '33, '34. Dramatics '35. Soc. Com. '34-'35.
 Favorite Occupation: Raising Cain with Adam.
 Favorite Expression: "Oh, I don't know."
 Pet Aversion: Gerry.



Gerald George Whitehead — "Gerry" 1932-'35.
 "I'll sleep if I can; if I cannot I'll rail against all
 the first-born of Egypt."
 Rugby: '32, '33, '34. Basketball: '32-'33, '33-'34,
 '34-'35. Track: '32-'33, '33-'34, '34-'35. Seicl '34-'35.
 Favorite Occupation: Sleeping.
 Favorite Expression: "Is that our bell?"
 He "gerry" often moose-t be wakened up for
 meals.



Robert Arthur Chester Smith — "Smitty" 1934-'35.
 "Modesty in youth is ever commendable"
 Rugby '34, Hockey '35, Track '34-'35, Seicl '34-'35.
 Favorite Occupation: St-Art-ling everybody.
 Favorite Expression: "I don't like it."
 Inspiration: We leave that to you.



Ethel Viola Astle — "Butch" 1934-'35.

"A woman who is bent upon a point is not easily turned aside."

Hockey '35, Softball (Capt.) '34, Girls' Tennis rep. for A.A. '34-'35, Seiel '34-'35.

Favorite Occupation: Guessing the answers that people don't tell her.

Favorite Expression: "What's it to **you**?"

Pet Aversion: **Other** stubborn people.



Donald Macdonald Gordon, Jr. — "Herc" '31-'35.

"Farewell! I go like a true knight to win the smiles of beauty."

Rugby '32-'33, (Capt.) '34. Basketball '33-'34, '34-'35. Hockey '34-'35. Track '32-'33, '33-'34, (Mgr.) '34-'35.

Favorite Occupation: Learning "Little Ether's" technique.

Pet Saying: "I'm 'andy with my arms."

Inspiration: His "Rose Gallery."



Margaret Cornelia Adrienne Cameron — "Andy" 1932-'35.

"May my course be bright if it be but brief."

Seiel '34 (Sec.) '34-'35. Ass't Editor Mag. '34, '35.

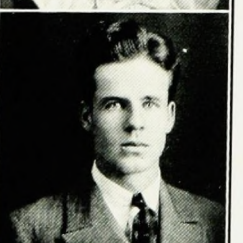
Class reporter '35, Debating '33, Dramatics '35.

Basketball '33-'34, '34-'35, Tennis '34, Soc. Com. '33

Favorite Occupation: S(Herc)ing in class and finally Do(o)zing away.

Favorite Expression: "Right you are!"

Pet Aversion: Having the British brought down to the same level as other people.



Donald George Adam — "Wilfred" 1933-'35.

"Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad."

Rugby '33, '34. Basketball '33-'34, '34-'35. Track

'33-'34, '34-'35. Soc. Com. '34-'35. Mag. B'd '34-'35.

Favorite Occupation: Impressing little girls with his "savoir faire."

Favorite Expression: "So what?"

Pet Aversion: An optimist.



Thomas Ellithorpe Austin — "Happy" 1931-'35.

"Lord, what fools these mortals be".

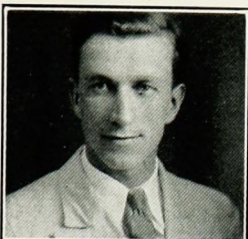
Rugby '33-'34. Basketball '34-'35. Track '32-'33,

'33-'34, '34-'35, Debating '34.

Favorite Occupation: Doing what he shouldn't be.

Favorite Expression: Omitted by the censor.

Inspiration: Five foot one with grey eyes.



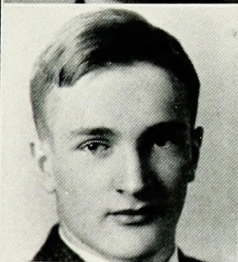
Woldemar Rahr — "Jim" 1934-'35.
 "Bid me discourse — I will enchant thine ear"
 Debating '35, Dramatics '35, Seicl '34-'35, Track
 '34-'35, Class Reporter '35.
 Favorite Occupation: Correcting Mr. Hackett in
 History Class.
 Favorite Expression: "But it seems to me that—"
 Pet Aversion: Being interrupted.



Lens Arthur Luker — "Rowdy" 1931-'35
 "Be not as extreme in submission as in offence"
 Rugby '35, Basketball '34-'35, Track '33-'34, '34-
 '35, Seicl '33-'34, (Vice-Pres.) '34-'35, Boys' Tennis
 Representative for A.A. for '34-'35.
 Favorite Occupation: Fixing his radio.
 Favorite Express'n: "Oh, goodness, gracious me!"
 P.S. He never "lens" his filthy "luker".



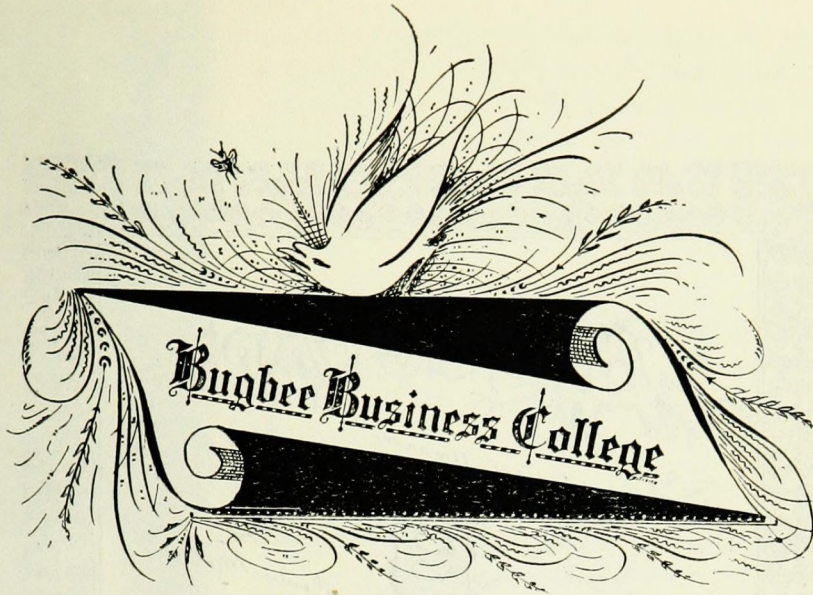
Francis Margaret Lamb — "Peggy" 1924-'35.
 "If not for shame, for charity — be silent"
 Basketball '31-'32, '32-'33, '33-'34, '34-'35, Hockey
 '34, (Capt.) '35, Tennis '33, '34, Seicl '34-'35, De-
 bating '34, '35, Ass't Editor Mag. '34, '35.
 Favorite Occupation: Reading the answers from
 the History Book.
 Favorite Expression: "You think of one."
 Inspiration: "Old McGill."



Walter Barrett Scott — "Walt" 1928-'35.
 "I will have nothing of that blind dog Cupid."
 Rugby: '34, Track: '34-'35.
 Favorite Occupation: "A little bit of everything."
 Favorite Expression: "I have it somewhere in
 my pocket."
 Pet Aversion: Silk Socks.



John Albert Tilton — John 1922-'35.
 "You look wise — pray correct that error."
 Class President: Grades 8, 9, 10, 11.
 Ass't Editor Mag.: '34, '35.
 Favorite Occupation: Fixing split radiators on
 his "Model T."
 Favorite Expression: That's what you think."
 Pet Aversion: Undue haste.



The Literary Society in B.B.C. met each Friday afternoon during the Fall and Winter Terms. The officers were as follows:

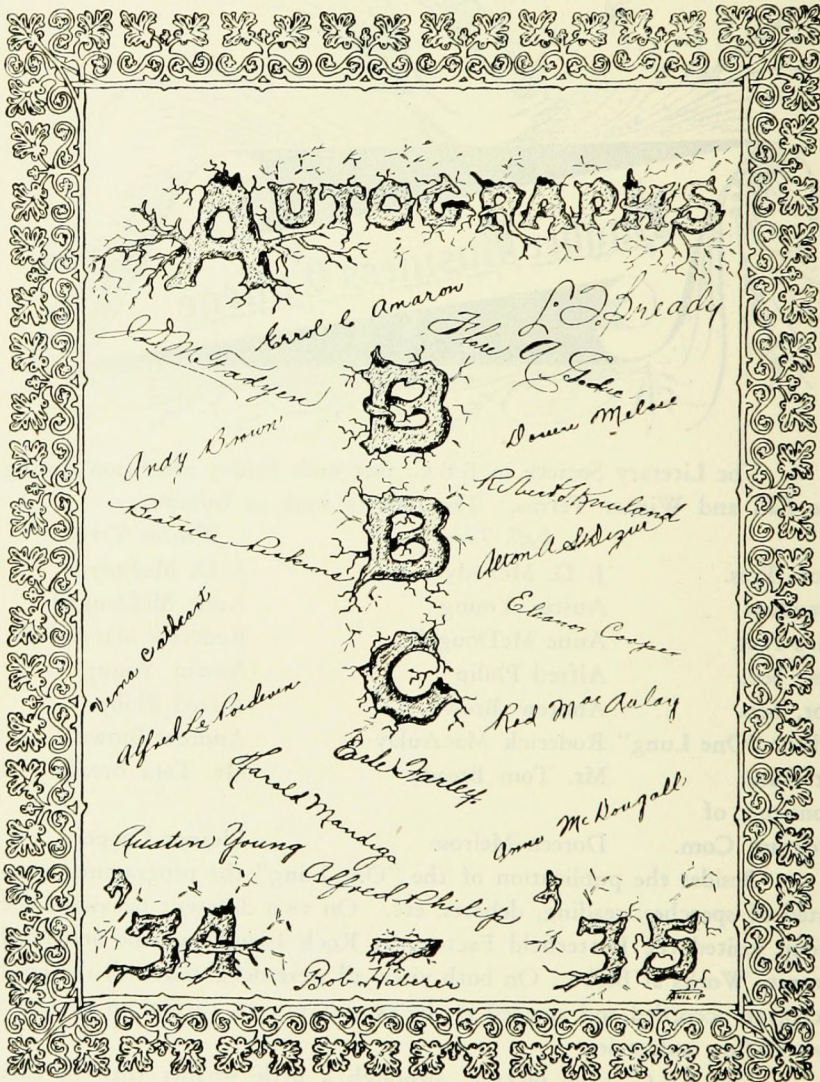
	<i>Fall Term</i>	<i>Winter Term</i>
Hon. Pres.	J. D. McFadyen	J. D. McFadyen
President	Austin Young	Anne McDougall
Vice-Pres.	Anne McDougall	Roderick MacAulay
Rec. Sec.	Alfred Philip	Austin Young
Cor. Sec.	Andrew Brown	Alfred Philip
Editor "One Lung"	Roderick MacAulay	Andrew Brown
Treasurer	Mr. Tom Bready	Mr. Tom Bready
Convener of Program Com.	Doreen Melrose	Eleanor Cooper

Besides the publication of the "One Lung" the programmes consisted of speeches, reading, debates, etc. On two different occasions the group visited the Butterfield Factory at Rock Island and the Stanstead Granite Works at Beebe. On both visits all were delighted with the kind reception accorded and amazed at the extensive work carried on by those two leading industries.

The B.B.C. class picture, although a little smaller than in past years, will be especially valued in years to come in refreshing our memories.

The class pin too, will be highly prized as the years roll by. As an evidence of this a number of past students have written back for duplicates, having lost the original.

The old B.B.C. motto still stands "The elevator to success is not running, you must take the stairs."





ELEANOR COOPER: "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." But the Literary Programme is much upon her mind. She flings the strokes in shorthand by the mile; but never fails to fling a winning smile.



AUSTIN YOUNG: Why worry "— yet —" All great men are dying off "— I don't feel so good myself." A great debater. His oration on his good old "Nash" is a classic.



ANNE MACDOUGALL: Anne is a magazine artist true. She can make a profile too, of you. She measures plank by Rapid Cal. and is an all-round fine young "gal".



ALFRED PHILIP: Alfred's wise like Alfred of old. He runs his Ford through the winter cold. He flings his pen with the best of men, and studies each night till half-past ten.

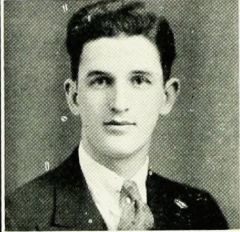


ALFRED LEPOIDEVIN: Serene and calm — seen but not heard — yet always "Johnny on the spot." A budding orator of no mean sort.

ANDY BROWN is nobody's clown. He leads his class — not even a lass is allowed to pass as he sits in class, flinging the dots and the strokes and the curves as if he was just a bunch of nerves.



DOREEN MELROSE: True, she sought an education but was faced with a sensation, — an apendicular operation was sufficient justification. Now she moves with moderation and with some deliberation, but with *much* determination.



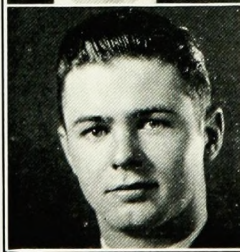
RODERICK MACAULAY: To leave home he did not hesitate, his hand and brain to educate. Time called him to recuperate, but he'll return to graduate.



VERNA CATHCART: A plodder and a plugger, she never seems to hurry. But with exams two whole weeks off, why should one deign to worry.

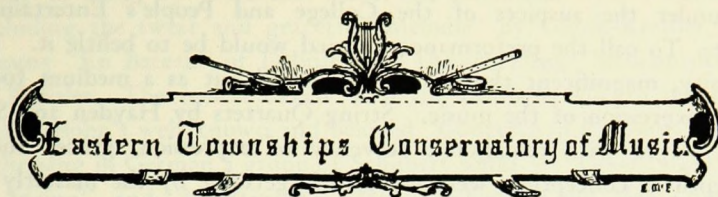


HAROLD MANDIGO: A born musician of the first water — even the typewriter keys play for him, and he can extract notes from a "Laythe".



ROBERT KNEELAND: An orator and philosopher. He can address stenography with utmost composure, and philosophize on the folly of drudgery, especially in Mathematics and Shorthand.

ROBERT HABERER: Though of small dimensions made, his nimble brain you can't o'er shade. He hopes eventually to be — a crooner with the N. B. C. I offer him my sympathy. His voice? I see, — gears grating in a Model T.



*"Good music is the expression of the lofty soul,
the trained intellect, the disciplined emotions."*

— Van Dyke.

'Tis said that music is the universal language which appeals to the heart of mankind. This is especially true at Stanstead, for the percentage of students taking music with their regular course is gradually increasing. During the past year there have been many outstanding musical events.

At the fall prom., and at the Thanksgiving banquet, the music was ably furnished by students of the Conservatory. The term ended with the presentation of the Christmas Cantata, "The Salvation of Israel", by the College Chorus. Mr. Amaron provided a setting for the cantata when he said, "In this chaotic world where bewildered people face the future with fear, the hearts of men still take new hope and are filled with faith for the future as the season of Christ's nativity comes round again." An orchestral accompaniment formed an effective background for the voices. Mr. Martin and his assistant, Miss Masten, are to be congratulated on the excellent performance of the chorus and soloists at such a difficult time of the year.

The winter term was a busy one in the music department. The pupils' recitals, held weekly all through the term, showed remarkable progress as the season advanced. In place of one of these student recitals, Rev. Father Lanctôt, parish priest at Stanstead, kindly consented to give a flute recital. He was assisted by Miss Hodson at the piano, and Maurice Fregeau, violinist. A varied and well-balanced programme was presented.

On Friday evening, February 1st, Mr. Ernest Johnson, Negro tenor, gave a very interesting and inspiring recital in Pierce Hall. The first part of the program was devoted to ballads and arias of the great masters, while the second portion consisted of spirituals and folk songs of the negroes; and here he excelled. His sympathetic quality of voice, and his cultured and refined manner won the hearts of the audience. One of the pleasant features of this program was the fact that Mr. Johnson invited his audience to sing with him some of the more familiar spirituals. He was ably accompanied by Mrs. Gordon, pianist. We all hope that Mr. Johnson will be with us again next year.

On Friday evening, April fifth, the Hart House String Quartet played in the Haskell Opera House before a large and appreciative audi-

ence under the auspices of the College and People's Entertainment Course. To call the performance unusual would be to belittle it. Their virtuosity, magnificent though it was, served but as a medium for the perfect expression of the music. String Quartets by Hayden and Schumann, played with remarkable fervency of expression, grace, fluency, and depth of conception, were made unforgettable by the masterly execution of the artists. The lighter part of the program including compositions by Frank Bridge, Percy Grainger, and John Blackwood McEwen, was of a more modern nature. Some of the numbers, though often heard, were a revelation of tonal beauty. Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile," infinitely tender and of a subdued melancholy sweetness, ended a most memorable concert.

On May 6th, a church service concluded the three days Model Assembly of the League of Nations given under the auspices of the college, and participated in by representatives of sixteen other schools. The musical part of this service, directed by Mr. Martin, consisted of a violin duet "Song of Spring" — Bruch, given by Miss Muriel Heath and Miss Gwyneth Hodgson, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Sink and Scatter Clouds of War" rendered by the college chorus.

It is a source of much gratification to the college and pride to the Conservatory in particular, that our Director, Mr. Martin, was awarded one of the King's Jubilee Medals and the hearty cheer from the students which was given when the medal was presented during the patriotic celebration on the campus evinced the satisfaction which the student body felt.

There are four graduates from the Conservatory this year. Elma Martin, Sutton Junction, Que., and Ruth Perkins, Stanstead, Que., as teachers in piano; Barbara Bliss, Plainfield, Vermont, as soloist in piano and Mary La Penna, Beebe, Que., as soloist in violin. We wish them great success in their future work.

* * *

Graduation Recitals

The graduation recital of Mary La Penna, violinist, assisted by Woldemar Rahr, baritone, was held in the auditorium of Pierce Hall on the evening of April 26th, 1935, at 8:15 o'clock.

The recital in every way was a credit to Miss La Penna herself and to those under whose instructions she has worked. The program was well chosen and varied. It opened with the Allegro movement of Beethoven's Sonata, opus 30, No. 2, for violin and piano. This stirring number provided a fine opportunity for both violinist and accompanist to display their skill in its interpretation. A group of small numbers followed: the stately "Arioso" of Bach, the dainty "Rondino" of Beethoven, and the fiery "Hungarian Dance" of Brahms. Following the

group of songs by Woldemar Rahr, she continued with a lighter group including the sweet and graceful "Melodie" by Gluck-Kreisler, the soft dreamy "En Bateau" of Debussy and the sparkling "Siciliano-Rigaudon" of Kreisler. The recital closed with the brilliant Allegro movement of Mendelssohn's well known and beloved "Concerto in E minor." Woldemar Rahr sang in German a group of Schubert songs — "Good Night", "Faith in Spring", and "Impatience". Miss MacFadzen and Mrs. Gordon provided accompaniments of a professional standard. The ushers were Elma Martin, Barbara Bliss, and Ruth Perkins. Miss La Penna received many beautiful flowers which were presented to her during the program. A reception was given for Miss La Penna and her friends by Mr. and Mrs. Amaron and Mr. and Mrs. Martin at the former's home.

* * *

On Friday evening, May 10, Pierce Hall was again the scene of an excellent recital given by Barbara Bliss, pianist, assisted by Elma Martin, soprano.

The program varying from compositions of the early nineteenth century to the present day, covered the great periods of the romanticism of Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and that of the latter romanticists represented by Greig, MacDowell and Raff. The modern tendency was to be found in compositions of Debussy and Rachmaninoff.

The program opened with the "Prelude, Romanza and Fugue" from the suite in E minor by Joachim Raff, which she played with pronounced intelligence and verve. This was followed by a short group of solos: "Polichinell" by Rachmaninoff, "Claire de Lune" by Debussy and "March Wind" by MacDowell.

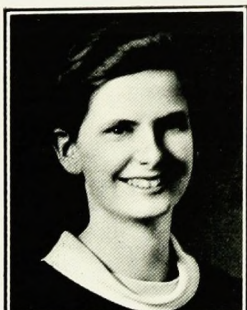
Next followed a charming group of songs by Elma Martin which were splendidly sung. These numbers included "The Robin's Song" by White, "The Silver Ring" by Chaminade and "Life" by Curran. She was accompanied by Mrs. Gordon.

The next group consisted of "The Trout" by Schubert, arranged for piano by Heller, Chopin's "Nocturne" Opus 15, No. 2, and Schumann's "Fina'le from Faschingschwank."

Greig's Allegro Moderato from the "Concerto in E minor", assisted by strings and a second piano brought the program to an inspiring climax.

Miss Bliss, who comes from Plainfield, Vt., proved her talent and capability as a pianist. The spontaneous applause of the audience showed their whole-hearted appreciation and assured Miss Bliss of the success of her recital.

The ushers were: Frances Smith, Marcelle Gorham and Mary La Penna. Many beautiful flowers were received during the program. A reception was given for Miss Bliss and her relatives by Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Amaron, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.



BARBARA BLISS — "*Doodle*" 1933-'35.
 "Quiet, but of much ability."
 Hobby—Joys of the farm, especially red heifers.
 Pet Aversion—The riser.
 Favorite Expression—"It's perfectly fiendish."
 Valedictorian: '35. Debating: '35. Seicl: '33-'34,
 '34-'35. May Board: '34. Basketball: '33-'34.



MARY LA PENNA — "*Marie*" 1932-'35.
 "Undisturbed by stress or hurry,
 Inclined to work, but not to worry."
 Hobby—Eating sandwiches in Room 14.
 Pet Aversion—"Ear training."
 Favorite Expression—"I know it."

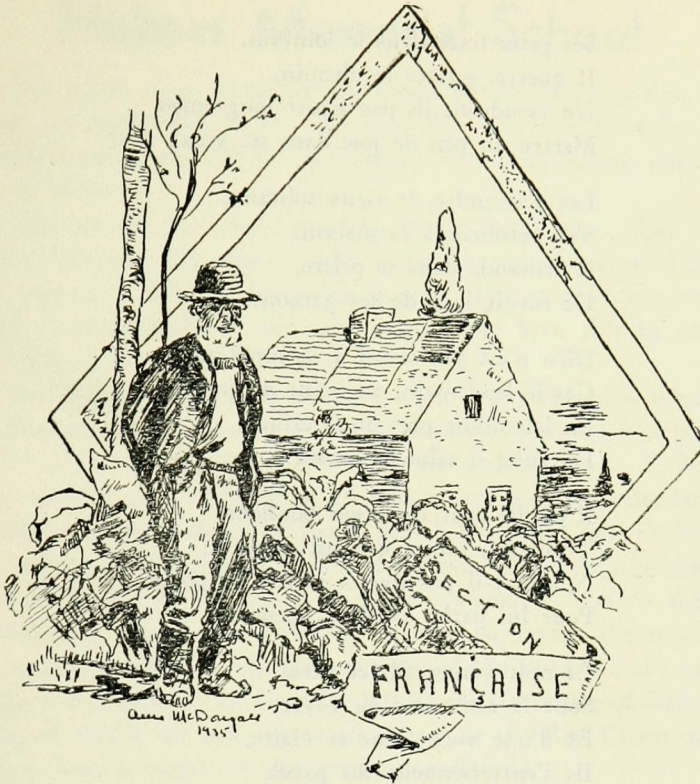


RUTH PERKINS — "*Pat*" 1932-'35.
 "A very gentle creature, and of good
 conscience."
 Hobby—Dancing.
 Pet Aversion—Playing the piano in recitals.
 Favorite Expression—"How lovely."



ELMA MARTIN — "*Emma*" 1930-'35.
 "I only speak right on."
 Hobby—Arguing. Pet Aversion—Men.
 Favorite Expression—"Barb do you love me!"
 Seicl: '31-'32, '32-'33, (Pres.) '34-'35. Social
 Editor Mag. '35. Debating '35. Social Com-
 mittee: '32-'33.





Debout, près de sa chaumière,
Voyez le vieil habitant;
L'âge a alourdi sa paupière,
Mais son oeil n'est pas indifférent.

Affaiblies par le labeur,
Ses jambes ploient sous le poids des ans.
Il a trouvé tout son bonheur,
En travaillant pour ses enfants.

Sa porte, toujours hospitalière,
A accueilli les malheureux;
Près de l'âtre sa bonne mère,
Lui a montré à prier Dieu.

Voici l'heure du crépuscule,
On le voit là, attendant
Ses trois fils Pierre, Jacques, Jules,
Ils sont partis depuis longtemps.

Ses yeux fixés dans le lointain,
Il guette, guette le chemin,
Ne viendront-ils pas avant longtemps
Mettre un peu de joie dans ses vieux ans?

Las d'attendre, le vieux solitaire,
S'en retourne à sa maison.
Il demande dans sa prière,
De revoir l'un de ses garçons.

Dieu n'est pas sourd à sa supplique,
Car le lendemain, au point du jour,
En labourant près de la crique,
De Jules il salue le retour.

Il oublie tout dans son bonheur;
Troupeau, tabac, que lui importe;
N'aime-t-il pas mieux ouvrir sa porte
Pour lui parler cœur à cœur.

La nuit venus, fils et père,
Sont là assis près du foyer.
Et d'une voix émue et claire,
Ils s'entretiennent du passé.

"Il me semble voir ma mère,
Tenir le fil au rouet.
Tandisque vous, et mes frères,
Vous me faisiez des jouets."

— Oui, mon fils, il y a sur terre,
Des moments bien délicieux.
A y penser il faut se taire,
Car des larmes nous viennent aux yeux.

Le troisième jours vers le soir,
Après ces moments de bonheur,
Le fils balbutice au revoir,
Puis il quitta le laboureur.

Séchant les larmes de ses paupières,
Le vieux chancelant et triste,
Retourne au coin de sa chaumière,
Pour y voir s'éloigner son fils.

Anonyme

Holmes Memorial School

The whole story of school life could not be told in a few words, for there are many sides to it. We shall try, however, to write of the daily events of school life in the Holmes Memorial School during the session of 1934-35.

This session has been, we feel, a successful one. The average enrolment has been 206 pupils. The medical examiners reported favourably in regard to health among the pupils. The plan of consolidation has been working well; in fact, the pupils have been able to come by motor most of the year.

Red Cross work stands out as a work and pleasure in school life. It has done much in making our year a successful one and it affects, not only our school life, but our life after we finish school. It helps to make us become good and healthy citizens. Two hundred calendars were sold, thanks to the citizens of Rock Island, Stanstead and Derby Line, adding \$20.00 to the Crippled Children's Fund. Many things have been done in the school in the line of Red Cross work, such as — the portfolio which Gr. 1 and 2 are making to send to Japan; the relief fund which was, also, aided by the local chapter of the I.O.D.E., the knitting of sweaters and bonnets by Gr. 5, 6 and 7; the collecting of stamps and coupons, of which we sent several thousand to the Red Cross; and the Christmas box to which all the grades contributed.

The pupils of Gr. 5 found it very interesting work to make health posters on "Good Meals." Two pupils worked together on these. Some used the principle of contrast which emphasized the health rules. These posters were made entirely by the pupils, and when completed and marked, the better ones were exhibited.

Dramatizations have been carried on throughout the school. Gr. 1, 2, 3 and 4 have assembled together Monday and Wednesday mornings during the year for opening exercises. Many stories have been dramatized and plays have been put on by different groups. Also pupils were called upon to give brief talks on any subject they wished. Gr. 6 and 7 have dramatized some scenes from their literature books and debates have been held.

Several pupils in Gr. 5, 6 and 7 are preparing their penmanship budgets in hopes of winning their certificates.

This year was a very successful one in the School Fair work. A wide range of entries covered, besides exhibits of grains, garden products and poultry, — cooking, sewing, canning and public speaking. In the latter first and third places were won by College pupils. The School Fair track meet resulted in a victory for the College and many entries were from the Model School.

Sports formed one of the centres of interest this year. Under the excellent training of Mrs. Amaron the Holmes Memorial School girls had sports such as hockey, volleyball, basketball and softball. Mrs. Amaron also formed a boys' volleyball team which played the girls.

Mr. Amaron, our Principal, and Mr. Brown coached the boys in hockey and track which improved rapidly this year, as the Holmes Memorial School boys are given the privilege of training for sports with the college boys.

In conclusion, I am sure that the pupils of our School owe the success of the school year to the interest of our teachers, who are our friends.

— Billy McKeage, Gr. 7.

PEACE

The world is dreaming; such a dream has ne'er been dreamt before.
It is a vision, so supreme, 'twill bring us near God's door.
If but this dream that's spreading fast, could only now come true
'Twould make both love and friendship last and leave no lonely Jew.
Wars, that come and break up homes, would then be seen no more
And we would quite reach to the dome that nears the Heavenly Door.
The life and love that it would bring, would show still brighter light
Would make the message always ring, and make it rule with might
So let us dream this lovely dream, and never from it wake
And make this dream be all supreme for everybody's sake.

— Billy McKeage, Gr. 7.

MOTHER

Games are very friendly things,
And lots of fun each brings;
Nice to have them when you play,
Mostly any time of day;
But when night begins to fall,
Mother is the best of all.

— Violet Pope, Grade 5.

Peter Rabbit's Journey.

In the woods there were different little animals and Birds.

There was one family which Peter and his parents and brothers and sisters lived.

They lived in a little hole by a big tree. One of Peters best friends was Chummy squirrel. He was very wise and there was nothing slow about Chummy. One fine morning as Peter was walking gaily down by the fairy pool he heard a slite whistle. He pricked his ears up and looked about. But there was no one to be seen.

Then he thought, thats Chummy. So he went towards the pool by the tree indeed it was not Chummy. For there he saw Prickly Porkeys little son. Hello said Peter. Then Jonney Porkey said I've gone away from my home and I can not find my way. Oh said Peter, lets travel together to find your house. So they travelled on and on until they met a little Bunny whats your name asked Peter Fuzzy Rulie was the reply. Oh said Peter why not come with us.

Oh thank you said She.

I am so pleased.

I've wandered off away from home and I'm lost Oh said Peter have know fear. Then at last Peter found the home of Jonny Porkey.

Thank you ever so much said Jonney.

But he could not find the way to Fuzzies house.

So he said lets go to my house.

So they did

And Peter was in love

Realy in love.

Then they had a wedding and every one was there from Jonney Porkey to Redy fox.

and they lived happily even after.

— Norman Mallard, Gr. III.

SWEET SPRING

The robin, he dons a gayer coat;

And sing a pretty song,

And, oh! in my heart of hearts, I know
That Spring now won't be long.

Sweet Spring, she is the Queen of my heart,
And there she e'er shall dwell

Though summer may reign so long as king,
He shall not break her spell.

— Ruby Alexander, Gr. VII.

THE BLANKET OF JEWELS

The other morning I awoke to find my room flooded with the radiant light of the sun. I arose, and went to the window. The sun was glowing brightly and steadily so that I could not look directly at it. It was a little above the horizon, for it was early. But beyond the beauty of the sun some other thing more beautiful to me met my gaze. Wherever the long shimmering light touched the snow-white earth it turned it into a many coloured field of sparkling jewels. They flashed, shimmered, disappeared, and reappeared. The sparkling lights danced before my eyes like fairies. They worked upon my imagination and to add to their beauty the tinkling of far off sleigh-bells like fairy music was heard. Alas, however, all at once this beauty disappeared for the sun went behind a cloud and the jewelled world changed back to its dead whiteness, only to become a jewelled blanket again under the wand of Apollo.

— Billy McKeage, Grade VII.

THE WOODS

Last Saturday, when I ski-ed through to our wood, I stopped and listened before going into it. Everything seemed silent and peaceful. When I penetrated into the heart of the wood, I found myself surrounded by everything that Mother Earth presents in winter. There was the tall and stately spruce, absolutely limbless except at the top. At the summit of one of those swaying tops, a nice fat squirrel was perched sitting upright, with a nut between its claws, chewing vigorously. Not twenty feet distant a pair of chickadees were singing their cheerful little song. In a more distant lot, I heard the ring of an axe, and the resounding. I turned to see my dog come dashing up to meet me, with a shrill bark. Then I knew that the rabbits would have no more peace that morning.

— Clarence Colt, Grade VII.

A SPEEDBOAT RACE

There are many things which give a crowd a great thrill, by their daring courage. Among the thrilling sights of today is boat-racing, where, if the water is rough, it adds to the dangers of the reckless drivers, who can see only the finishing point looming up before them. At the turning point the boats are closely crowded, on account of it being the last turn to be made before the finishing line is reached. These turning points are one place where the thrills of the race can be seen to advantage. The last stretch of the homeward journey finds the drivers opening their engines to the full throttle space, and then, may the best win!

— Douglas Putney, Grade VII.

Social Events

The first event of the year at which the staff and students met together in a social way was the Freshman Prom, held on Saturday evening, September 22nd. The guests were received in the parlours, though the programme drew them to various parts of the building during the course of the evening. The Conservatory Staff gave a brief recital in Pierce Hall; the students presented a skit, also in Pierce Hall; and musical numbers were given by students in the Main Class Room. In the extended intervals between these features, dancing was enjoyed in the girls' gym, and a pleasant social time was spent in becoming acquainted.

On Oct. 2, the Staff were "at home" to a large number of friends from the Three Villages. Musical selections, readings, and happy conversation made up a delightful evening.

Hallowe'en was celebrated with a supper and dance. The decorations were carefully arranged in keeping with the "spookiness" due such an occasion, and everyone joined heartily in the fun.

In the Fall, we had a visit from the Rugby Team of Commissioners' High School of Quebec. Both forces recovered sufficiently from the encounter to be able to attend a party in the girls' gym. Several other informal little parties of this nature marked the last part of the fall term.

One gesture of the friendliness existing between the two great countries, the boundary line of which lies so near us, is the observation each year of the American Thanksgiving. Celebrations take the form of a Banquet and we would venture to say that in no company is the fellowship and turkey dinner more thoroughly enjoyed. This year we were particularly pleased to have, as our speaker, Judge Smith of Newport, Vt.

A successful social function in the second term was the "Seicl" Dance, on the evening of January 25.

In February, a St. Valentine's Supper and Theatre Party took place.

The Academy-Music Prom was held on March 16th in the College dining room. The floor was cleared for dancing and the room was very attractive in its holiday attire. The theme carried out in programme

and decorating was St. Patrick's "and it shure was a foine time we were afhter ahavin".

During the Model Assembly of the League of Nations which was held here on May 3, 4 and 5, a pleasing feature was a Banquet, followed by a dance. All the delegates were in attendance. Flags of many countries provided a most appropriate setting, and an international spirit of goodwill prevailed. Dr. Rose, with Mrs. Rose, journeyed up from Dartmouth University to be our guest speaker.

The Alumni Banquet, which took place on May 18, had the largest attendance in several years and was in every way delightful. Many of the Alumni remained to attend the Dance which was given immediately after by all the Grade X students in honour of Grade XI.

During the year, Mrs. Amaron and the other ladies of the staff have held a tea each month. The parlors have been tastefully arranged and transformed by various means, according to the season. The final tea of the year on May 21st, which was to have taken place on the lawn was for obvious reasons most comfortably enjoyed before the open fire in the parlours. A large number from the town were present, and the graduating classes were also guests.

The Seiel Banquet and June Prom. are now being considered.

We appreciate so excellent a chairman of the social committee as Mrs. Amaron, and we wish to thank her and the Committee for the pleasure given us during this social season.

— Elma S. Martin.

INTERNATIONAL NIGHT

International Night is the successor to the old Stanstead "Jamboree" and it has become one of our most significant social functions. Fancy dress is the order of the night. The booths — candy, fruit, fish-pond, fancywork, and the refreshment corner — each represents a country. A lot of very hard work goes to the making of booths, costumes and decorations, and a real and definite interest is felt in the country which is being represented.

The purpose of International Night is twofold: the support of a Hospital Cot in China and what may be even more important, in this age is an effort to understand countries other than our own.

We were very fortunate in having Miss Patty Price as our guest artist. She sang a variety of child sketches and international songs to which she played her own original and expressive accompaniments. Her whole recital was charming.

After Miss Price's recital an auction sale was held. The remainder of the programme consisted of dancing, until eleven-thirty, when a successful evening closed with the singing of the National Anthems.

— A. Cameron.

SEICL 1934-35

The Seicl was founded in 1931 and took as its title — "the Society for the Encouragement of the Intellectual and Cultural Life." It has lived up to its name during the three previous years of its existence and it has been our fortune this year to carry on its traditions.

In November the nine old members of the Seicl held an informal meeting and the following slate of officers was suggested and later adopted:- Elma Martin, President; Lens Luker, Vice-Pres.; Adrienne Cameron, Sec.-Treas.; Robert Kneeland, Chairman of the Literary Committee and Editor of the "College Scribe," (Later in the year the editorship was assumed by Jim MacNab,); Beatrice Walsh, Chairman of Public Speaking; Marcelle Gorham, Chairman of Dramatics.

At the first meeting of the year on the 16th of November, Major Ney was our guest speaker. During the year Bill Amaron (Pres. 1932-'33), Mr. E. Carter and Miss Macdonald addressed the Society. Emphasis this year has been laid on the conditions in the world today and these speakers all considered this subject from different angles.

Owing to the fact that the year has been a busy one, only ten meetings have been held, but the activities of the Seicl have been greater than ever. The Model Assembly of the League of Nations held under the auspices of the Seicl was as successful this year as last year, and a greater number of schools were represented. The inter-class debates were won this year by Grade Ten. In a lighter vein the Seicl dance, another annual function, was equally successful. The Seicl also sponsored two plays, "The Lift that Failed" and "The Valiant" which were directed by Mr. Carter. Six members of the Seicl and ten non-members were included in the cast.

Mr. Amaron has taken an active interest in the Seicl throughout the year. He has spoken often in meetings informally, and has given us all the advice and assistance possible.

Members of the Seicl during 1934-35 were Elma Martin, Lens Luker, Beatrice Walsh, Marcelle Gorham, Robert Kneeland, Alice Turner, Kathleen Bready, Viola Astel, Frances Smith, Arthur Smith, Evans Parker, Gerald Whitehead, Margaret Lamb and Harold Mandigo.

— Adrienne Cameron, Sec.-Treas.

THE DEBATES

During the period March 14 - 29 the College became the battleground upon which the annual verbal combats were waged with all traditional gusto.

Grades VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, Bugbee, and the Conservatory of Music composed the combatants in these oral-militant manoeuvres. The

actual eliminations were preceded by a series of class debates in which every member was given an opportunity to try his or her mettle. By the time the first round took place, each class was ready to field the strongest possible team among its representatives.

In the first round Grade VIII took their intellectually more advanced colleagues, Grade XI, completely by surprise when they performed a complete coup d'etat to win the contest by a vote of 5 - 2.

The resolution read: "Resolved: That it is the rich who have the pleasure". Grade VIII took the affirmative, represented by Margaret Walsh and Murray Prichard. Grade XI was represented by Peggy Lamb and Jim Rahr.

The second contest of the afternoon was between Grade IX, led by Eddie Carr and Bill Pike, and Bugbee who fielded the powerful Robert Kneeland - Austin Young aggregation. The subject was: "Resolved: That the advent of the Chain Store is to be deplored. " Bugbee took the negative of this engagement, and galloped home to a 6 - 1 victory.

The last contest of the first round was between Joie Redheffer and Don Poaps of Grade X, and Barbara Bliss and Elma Martin of the Conservatory of Music. Grade X took the affirmative of the resolution "That heredity is a greater factor in life than environment". The Redheffer-Poaps troupe demonstrated with such conclusiveness that "you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" that they, too, were pronounced victors by the vote 6 - 1.

On Thursday, March 28, the semi-finals were run off. In this, Bugbee opposed Grade VIII on the resolution: "Resolved: That the Depression is a blessing in disguise." The other match was between the victorious Grade X, and Grade XII, who had obtained a bye in the first round. The title of their debate was: "Resolved: That the years between 25 and 45 have produced more for humanity than the years after 45."

Robert Kneeland and Austin Young of Bugbee, taking the affirmative side of their debate, found favour in the eyes of the judges, winning by a fair margin. Joie Redheffer and Don Poaps successfully turned back their elder colleagues of Grade XII.

The finals of the Inter-class Debates was held before a capacity audience in Pierce Hall, Friday evening, March 28. The John T. Hackett Trophy was at stake in this contest.

Principal E. C. Amaron was in the chair on this occasion, and opened the debate with a short resume of procedure. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved: That an International Police Force is feasible". Austin Young and Bob Kneeland of Bugbee took the affirmative.

Although an apparent conflict in the conception of an International Police Force existed between the two teams, making an attack on common ground rather out of the question, the audience was favored

with some outstanding oratory. Young and Kneeland both built up a definition of international police force, supporting their understanding with the authority of several encyclopaedias. Redheffer and Poaps, while taking a few pot-shots at the affirmative case, mainly confined themselves to their individual cases.

Thus ended the Inter-Class Debates. The most pleasing aspect of these oratorical contests seems to be that everybody took some competitive part. Moreover, the obvious faults committed at the later stages were in themselves valuable experience to the debaters.

THE MODEL ASSEMBLY

The second annual session of the Model Assembly of the League of Nations, sponsored by the "Seicl", the senior literary society of the College, convened here over the week-end of the 3rd, 4th and 5th of May. The six schools from the Eastern Townships and Northern Vermont which sent representatives last year were supplemented by ten more, and the enthusiasm and skill which was shown by the delegates who represented these institutions certainly reflected much credit upon the training they received there.

The first session opened in the Haskell Opera House, Friday evening, with an address of welcome by Principal E. C. Amaron. Following this was the report of the Committee on Credentials presented by John Tilton, of Stanstead, representing the Irish Free State. The election of the President was then carried out, Ruston Lamb of Bishop's University, representing China, being the unanimous choice. The presidential address was followed by the examination and adoption of the agenda, and then the report of the Secretary-General, Robert Kneeland.

Gerald Whitehead, speaking in French, gave the report of the second committee, which was translated by T. E. Austin, who acted as interpreter. He also gave a rendition in English of a speech given by one of the German representatives, Miss Adrienne Cameron.

A motion that "congratulations to the Royal Family at the time of the Silver Jubilee" be sent through the Governor-General, was moved by Evans Parker, French delegate, and was seconded by Alfred Campbell, representative from Greece. Then followed the heavier matter of the agenda, the first question being the consideration of the re-entry of Germany into the League. The resolution was moved by Don Poaps, delegate from Russia, and seconded by Tom Anderson, representing Poland. The subject was then discussed at large, both favourably and vice-versa. At 10 o'clock, the meeting adjourned.

Next morning, the discussion on the same question was again re-

sumed, and a vote being taken, the motion passed. Then came the second resolution, moved by Wilma Scott, British representative from Scotstown, and seconded by Michael Emery, Abyssinian member from Knowlton. The subject was the consideration of the formation of an International Police Force. Many countries were in favour of the plan, but the opposition of Russia, Italy, France and Japan caused the motion to be thrown out.

The second meeting adjourned at 11.30, to meet again that afternoon for the final sitting. At this session the matter under discussion was a consideration of the Nationalization of Armaments. Again this matter won the favor of all the countries but Italy, whose negative action caused it to be discarded.

In the evening, the College dining room was the scene of a very pleasing banquet. The supper was followed by a short sing-song, and toasts "to the King", "to the President", "and to our Guests". The latter was proposed by Don Gordon, and was responded to by Bernard Templeton of Scotstown, Roberta Butterfield of North Troy, Vt., and Tom Anderson of Quebec. Mr. Amaron gave a short statement on behalf of the League of Nations Society in Canada, which was followed by a vocal selection, "Love is Spring", by the Misses Louise Masten, Marcelle Gorham, and Frances Smith. Then came the address of the evening, given by Dr. W. J. Rose, of Dartmouth University. The talk was very interesting and stimulating, and it was altogether very appropriate that such a speaker as Doctor Rose should be chosen for the occasion, because, though born a Canadian, at present teaching in the United States, he has lived, studied, and gained a wide experience in many of the great countries of Europe, and came with a wonderful knowledge of the conditions as they exist there at the present time. Afterwards, everybody repaired to the gym, where an informal dance was organized. This brought to an end a very busy and pleasant day.

On Sunday morning, all the delegates gathered with the people of the community in Centenary Church to join in the special Service prepared in honour of the Silver Jubilee of our Sovereign Lord, King George. A sermon of great interest and inspiration was delivered by the guest speaker, Dr. Rose. The musical part of the service was given by a small orchestra which supplemented the organ. An offertory selection for two violins was played by Miss Hodgson and Miss Heath, and the College Chorus performed the office of the choir, rendering the anthem "Sink and Scatter," by Sullivan.

The following schools were represented: Asbestos, Cowansville, Knowlton, Ayer's Cliff, Scotstown, Lennoxville, Coaticook, St. Francis College High School of Richmond, Commissioners' High School of Que-

bec, Sherbrooke, Bishop's University and Stanstead College, in Quebec, and Newport, Derby Academy, Barton, and North Troy, in Vermont. At the last moment, the representatives from Lower Canada College of Montreal were unavoidably detained.

— Harold Mandigo.

Let there be Peace,
Not hate and war
Between the nations near and far.
For lives are wasted day and night
To keep the battle going;
Mothers weep and cry with fright
As their sons lie dying.
Let there be Peace not war.
— Nellie Alexander, Grade Six.

VIRGIL'S AENEID — Book II.

Lines 267-297

It was that time when early slumber steals over weary mortals, and the sweetest gift of the gods begins. Lo! Hector appears before my slumbering eyes, a Hector most sorrowful and shedding many tears, just as he appeared after he was dragged, black with gory dust, behind the chariot of Achilles, by thongs through his pierced and swollen feet.

Ah me! How sad he looked! How great the change from that triumphant Hector, who returned clad in the arms of Achilles, or from hurling Phrygian fire amongst the Grecian ships; now with unkempt beard, blood-matted locks and bearing those many wounds received around his ancestral walls.

He answered nothing, nor did he heed my empty questions, but, sighing from the depths of his heart, he spoke: "Flee, O goddess born! Snatch yourself from the flames. The enemy holds the walls and Troy falls from her lofty pinnacle. Enough is done for your city and your king, for if human strength, even mine, could have saved Troy, it had been saved. To you Troy entrusts her household gods and sacred vessels. Take these as companions of your destiny; seek out a city for them, a great city, which you will erect after wandering over many seas".

Thus he spoke and with his hands brought forth the fillets of mighty Vesta, and the eternal fires from her inmost shrine.

— Walter Scott.

THE JOHN C. COLBY MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Situated, physiologically speaking, between the bald crown of Vermont, and the little toe of Quebec, and over one hundred miles from the nearest larger cultural centre, Stanstead College might be considered as being very favourably situated as regards library facilities. In actual fact, however, we can boast of as extensive and well-selected a collection of books as may be found in any school in the Eastern Townships.

The history of the library runs parallel to that of the College; but until four years ago this library was no more than a modest collection for which funds provided by the Alumni Association was responsible. But at that time the Carnegie Foundation made a very generous gift to the School of some \$1,800 to be used solely in augmenting the Library.

The consequence of this gift was that the living quarters of the Library had to be considerably extended. At the present time the books are in part the roommates of Mr. Amaron in his office; while the overflow is kept in a cabinet in the Teachers' Common Room. Whatever this arrangement may lack in exclusiveness it certainly atones for in organization. Every book is catalogued as soon as it is received into the collection. The system, though less complex of course, is the one employed by most libraries in North America. So far it has not been considered necessary to introduce a call-card system; but every book is stamped with the date of its return, and signed by the person taking out the book, thus insuring a complete check on the circulation of every book.

There is one aspect of the Library which seems to mark it off from the general, and that is its modernity — its up-to-dateness, one might say. Of course it has been possible to obtain an extensive amount of contemporary literature only because of the generosity of patrons, which other schools do not enjoy. Consequently, the typical school library, more from necessity than choice, confines itself to the few dog-eared old reliables its purse can afford. Thus, if there is no more than a score of books on the dusty shelves, one can be sure of finding "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "Little Women", and "Tom Swift's Electric Rifle" among the family. While we cannot gainsay the obvious moral values and the spirit of healthy adventure in the above very estimable titles, we cannot help feeling that such material makes very lean fare for a growing literary appetite.

Let us glance around the shelves of our own library. As you enter, you will see a dozen shelves devoted to lighter fiction. The nine or ten volumes of the ever-popular P. G. Wodehouse never stay long idle on their shelves. The colorful Sabatini makes a chronic appeal as much to the older readers as to the younger. Six or seven shelves up, on its rightful pinnacle of pre-eminence you will find, if you care to fetch

the step-ladder and climb up there, a beautifully bound complete set of Mark Twain's works, and next-door the complete works of Thackeray and Charles Dickens. Further over are some twenty odd volumes of Rudyard Kipling.

So much for fiction. The section devoted to biography is filled with many of the most valued biographical contributions of recent years. Emil Ludwig, who stands pre-eminent in this field today, is represented by his "Napoleon" and "Son of Man". To select a few representatives of the hundred or so others, there is Andre Marois' "Disraeli", "Stalin" by Levine, Wells' "Experiment in Autobiography", Gardener's "Certain People of Importance", and a host of others.

The twentieth century may not be the best critic of its own literary production, nor the best arbitrator of what will be the classics of the twenty-first century. Nevertheless, certain works of the last thirty years have already won places of permanence in world literature. It has been the aim of the Library to include some of the more note-worthy works of contemporary writers in its collection. And so you will find Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh", Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop", and "Shadows on the Rocks", D. H. Lawrence's "Rainbow", Sinclair Lewis' "Arrowsmith" on our shelves, to mention but a few.

Taking the rest at random, you will find some thirty or forty volumes dealing with contemporary politics, and economic and social problems: "Hitler over Europe", "The Menace of Fascism", "Memoirs of the Unemployed".

Among scientific works the material provided often goes considerably beyond the needs, and appreciation perhaps, of the average Academy student. Quite recently Yale University donated several excellent volumes dealing with anthropological subjects, which while they were necessarily far too technical for even Senior Matriculation students, were nevertheless frequently seen in the hands of quite a number of students, who enjoyed the detailed plates demonstrating the various stages of evolution of the orang-utan and other species of ape.

On the other hand, scientific works of more general scope have been widely appreciated. Among these we may mention Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters", Menniger's "The Human Mind", Jeans "The Universe Around Us", "The Nature of the World of Man", and also Oswald Spengler's "Decline of the West".

This enumeration would be incomplete without a mention of the literary criticism section. You will find some twenty odd volumes which comprise the set of that knife-edge critic Paul More in his "Shelburne Essays". Irving Babbitt is also represented with his "Master of French Criticism", Laokoon", and others.

The latest addition to the Music section is "The Imperial Encyclopedia of Music", a ten volume series hot off the press. The department of the Library on Art, contains some really fine volumes and such varied subjects as the new Russian Theatre, Japanese Art, and a series of coloured plate illustrating "The Rubaiyat" of Omaar Khayyam.

At least two shelves are devoted to French Literature, where you will find almost the complete works of Dumas, Hugo, Merrimée, Balzac, Alfred de Vigny, and others in excellently bound little volumes. Then the section devoted to German books contains some really priceless volumes such as "Das deutsche Volksgesicht", "Die schone Heimat", and a score of excellent books of travel.

At this point one is strongly tempted to stop off and give a pious dissertation on the value of a College Library. Instead, a plea for its more general use might be effective. In spite of the fact that students are daily coming in for literature on such widely diverse subjects as Leon Trotsky, and the Greek Commonwealth; in spite of the fact that the vast majority of the students, and staff also, is undoubtedly *reading*; yet we must admit that of our 2,500 volumes, a considerable number have never been opened. Of course, this is true of university libraries as well as our own. Nevertheless, it seems that this priceless gift ought to be made even greater use of than it is. It would be trite to emphasize the value of independent reading on education. One might almost be extravagant enough to say that independent reading *is* education in its best form. Certainly the wider reader has much less use for a teacher than the non-reader.

Let us then, not sit back complacently and admire the unthumbed covers of our 2,500 books. Let us get into them, devour them until our thousands become as dog-eared as those of the two-score volumes of the ordinary school which we were despising so heartily.

— Ernest Carter.

Baccalaureate

Step forth and meet the world, O Youth, and take your turn advancing
truth,

While those of us gone on before, hold wide ajar the open door
Beneath whose portals many part; and where you, too, must make your
start.

Onward and upward may you go; as Fate shall will it, — fast or slow.
Then climb young man and be a donator to what was once your Alma
Mater.

THE KILLING OF FREDDY THE RAT

(With apologies to Robert W. Service)

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the top of the good old school,

The lad who had the harmonica was playing like a fool,
Back of the wall in his little hole sat ferocious Freddy the Rat,
And by his side, eyes open wide stood Missis Freddie Rat.

When out of the dark of the second flat and into the halls of red,
There stumbled a student, fresh from the hall, dead-tired, and ready for bed.

He looked like a man with a foot in the grave, and scarcely the strength of a cat,

Yet his face was lit with a glow of love, of love for the old third flat.
There was none but could place the fellow's face whom we'd lived with a year at that,

But none but me saw the hatred in — the eyes of Freddie the Rat.

There's rats that somehow grip your eyes, and hold them hard like a spell;
And such was Fred, and he looked to me like a rat that had lived in hell.
He was gaunt and thin and his beady eyes had a look of utter despair
As he watched the lad, his enemy, as he slowly climbed the stair.
And I got to figgering which would win, if it ever came to that;
And I turned my head, and watching them both, was Missus Freddie, the Rat.

The newcomer's eyes went round the hall, and he seemed in a kind of a daze,

Till at last the gramophone fell in the way of his ever wandering gaze.
It stood alone, all ready to play, at the touch of a human hand,
So he stumbled on and down the hall till beside it he took his stand.
He started it off with a crash and a bang, you could see his body sway;
As he clutched at the wall to hold him up — My God! — but that man could play!

Were you ever in your room alone, when the day was dark and drear,
With the empty halls hemming you in with a silence you most could hear;
With only the bell for company and there in your room you sat,
When a thing of the gutter crept into your sight, — that beast they call the "rat".

It's a horrible feeling to know you're alone, that disgusting thing at your side,

You look about for a weapon of sorts, or a suitable place to hide.

Then, on a sudden you grab a pole, and swing like a rusty gate;
But he gets away, and looking back, his eyes are full of hate;
You feel as though you had lost your friends, even your very soul;
As that squeaking, crawling, filthy rat, slithers down into his hole.
You cover the hole — it does no good, a dozen more are there —
You rant and rave, you're sweating blood, you curse and tear your hair.

You see him time and time again, but he always gets away;
And as he goes he turns his head, "Aha!" he seems to say;
"Curses," you cry, "I am foiled again but my efforts I never shall cease!"
Stop my wild chase? "Never," you cry, "I would rather be boiled in
grease!"

The newcomer turns off the gramophone, his eyes are burning with fire;
In his pink night-shirt, and ever alert, he is taut as a piece of wire;
Then he calms right down, as well as he can, and says in a voice of might,
"You had better keep watch for I feel in my bones that something will
happen to-night.

I came to the end of my rope tonight, as there in the room I sat,
And decided that it would be Freddie or me — and I hope it's Freddie —
the rat."

Then a scurry was heard and the lights went out and a ski pole whizzed
thru the air;

A squawk was heard, and the lights went up and a form was lying there;
Closer we looked and found it the form of the erstwhile villanous Fred.
And clutched in his arms, lay the lifeless shape of the lovely ratess he wed.

There are the simple facts of the case, and I guess I ought to know
I was there at the time of the heroic deed and I know for a fact that
it's so.

The rat had a funeral fit for a king, for he died in his boots withal,
And 'twas on that night in thirty-five that he answered the last great
call.

— Bill Peat.

LIFE ON THE BLASKET ISLES.

The following is an account of the life and customs of a group of people, who live in a near-by corner of the world, but who are seldom heard of. They are the inhabitants of Great Blasket, the largest and only inhabited island of a group which lie off the Kerry coast in the extreme southwest corner of Ireland.

The island is about five miles long, with an average breadth of half a mile, rising to not quite a thousand feet at its highest point. The surface is a treeless ridge of mountain pasture, sloping in the west to a wind-swept headland of bare rock. At the eastern end, nearest the mainland, and protected by the hill, nestles the village. There is no harbour, and the only kind of boat in use is the curagh, a canoe of wicker framework and canvas covering. The mainland is three miles away, and between lies a stretch of water, very treacherous in bad weather. The population, which has been decreasing steadily, is now only 150, and with the advent of power launches to convey the men to their fishing grounds some are moving to the mainland. For the younger generation the world around yearns but little for the hardships which their fathers bore as a matter of course.

While some of the Islanders own sheep and cows, a scant crop of potatoes and oats provide the best part of a meagre sustenance. Lobster fishing in summer and mackerel in winter form the main source of income. The fish are marketed at Dingle, 12 miles east of Dunquin — the mainland village opposite the island.

As there is no church on Great Blasket, a priest comes over and hears confession once annually, and when the sea is calm the men paddle over to hear Mass at Dunquin.

By quoting Mr. O'Crohan, we get a good view of the interior: "To divide the house into two, a dresser stood out from the wall in the middle of the floor, and a partition met it from the other side. There were two beds in the lower portion, where the people slept. There was a coop against the partition with hens in it. At night-time there would be a calf or two, a cow or two, the ass, and the dog on a chain or running about the house."

A good fire of turf always smoulders on the hearth, beside which the good couple sleep, waking up every now and then to smoke a pipe together.

In the days of sailing ships, occasionally a vessel would chance to come to grief upon the rocky shores and the salvaged cargoes always proved a great boon.

A tale is handed down from father to son that one famine year, a "wheat ship" went ashore and enough of the grain was salvaged to

keep their families and live stock well nourished over a winter when those on the mainland were starving.

The people are very fond of poetry and music, while the art of impromptu verse composition in intricate metrical form survived within living memory. The language, like the life, is largely mediaeval — vigorous, direct, rich in oaths and asserations, and delighting in neat and witty turns of phrase which are largely lost in translation. In these respects, it resembles the speech of other peasantries, but it also possesses an element of elegance and grace which is due to its peculiar history; for, when the clan system on which Irish culture was based finally broke down in the seventeenth century, the poets and scholars were scattered among the common people.

— Harold M. Mandigo.

MAIN STREET ON SATURDAY NIGHT

Main Street on Saturday night is the same as Main Street on any other night. It is quiet and lifeless, as only small town streets can be, and no one would know that it is a Main Street, if it were not for the enlightening signs at both ends.

As you walk down this dull street on a dreary Saturday night, you may, if you are lucky, encounter someone else walking up the hill, whose expressionless face is generally as monotonous as the rest of the town; but this happens so rarely that it is hardly worth mentioning.

You see no further sign of life until you reach the Border Theatre, and if you are at all human, you stop there for a few moments to break the monotony of the spell which has been hovering over you. This is the sole centre of amusement in the town and the meeting place of the idle class. There is always a small crowd here, the members of which spend their time in uttering clever remarks to the passer-by.

There is no other sign of life on the whole street except at the Customs House, where some luckless tourist disgustedly looks on while his baggage is investigated to the last necktie.

And above all the dutiful traffic light blinks steadily from red to green and back again, in patient anticipation of travellers who never come.

— George Mallard.

RECOLLECTIONS

The night was very dark. The month of October had been as wild and restless as the times. The year nineteen hundred and eighteen had in Russia a smell of blood about it. Moscow had fallen to the Bolsheviks. The usually noisy city was very quiet.

The man who sat on a stool before a low table was busily engaged in making a pair of small shoes. The room around him was long and extremely narrow. A man could have crossed it in three good strides. On either of the long sides of the walls stood a bed. A large cupboard by the door took up what little space there was left. The table stood by the window in the far end of the room. In the middle of the table stood an old coal-oil lamp with a dark-green shade over it so that the full glare of the light was thrown upon the man's knees, between which he held a small boot. Two pairs of boots of similar size stood by the chair on the floor.

The man seemed very intent upon his work and only once in a while would he lift his head and let his eyes glide over the two beds on either side of the room. The regular breathing of three pairs of lungs fell and rose from the direction of one of the beds. The children were not disturbed by his hammering, but now that it had ceased the young woman in the other bed lifted her head and turned it toward the man. "Will you be ready before morning?" she asked. The man nodded his head and bent over his work.

"Then we can break up to-morrow and leave?"

Her voice held a slight tremor. Fear, suppressed joy, care, anxiety trembled in it. The man nodded again laid his finger to his lips, motioned toward the sleeping children and resumed his work.

He was of strong build with broad shoulders. His face showed signs of weariness in the dim light, but around his lips was stamped determination. A short, blond beard framed his chin. And as he worked on, memories again flowed back to him.

He was walking one early morning through the deserted streets of Moscow. His hurried steps echoed hollow from the silent row of houses. A car was coming up behind him. He heeded it not. The sound of brakes made him turn his head, but before he had had time to realize the peril, several men had sprung from the car, a heavy cloth was thrown over him and in spite of his wild struggles he was quickly overpowered and lifted into the car which made off at great speed.

He knew then, that he was in the grip of the Tcheka, the Bolsheviks' famous secret organization, and was caught by one of their favoured tricks. He also clearly saw the futility for any hope. Men never came back from the Tcheka. His name had long been on the

"black list" because of his high rank in the army. He knew the end and was prepared for it. The thought of his wife and children came to him. She would know when he failed to return during the morning.

What followed was like a night-mare: the dark, cold walls of the prison and the torturing hours. Then one day the sentence was read to him in his cell: death by the bullet. No trial! No questions asked! And again the torture of days of waiting. At last, one morning, the iron door opened; he had prepared himself for the last hour, but to his amazement he was led before the man, whose hands were stained with the blood of thousands, who had smoothed the red path for Lenin and his Soviets.

The man did not believe, did not want to believe, had thought it only another trick, but was forced to realize that it was true, that he was really and truly set free. His word of honour had been taken and was returned with a thinly-veiled command to leave Russia forever and leave all, save his family, behind him. Some one of great influence had intervened on his behalf. Who was it? A shrug of the shoulders and a meaning look had been the answer. Then he was dismissed. But was he safe, was his family safe? He knew how close he had been to death and knew that in spite of all, the shadow of death was forever stalking behind him as long as he remained in the country.

And as the man worked on he suppressed a slight shudder. A little more than two weeks had passed since the day he had been carried off in the car. He had been given a short time after his release from prison to prepare and now, night after night, he was bending over the shoes for his children, since there was nothing that he was allowed to take away with him.

The pale dawn came slowly through the window. The man put aside the shoe and rose. He was of great height and had that erect poise of body peculiar to soldiers. He stepped to the window and looked out over the backyard and the roofs of the great city. Once and again a shot was heard. He stretched himself and tried to get the stiffness and weariness out of his limbs.

The shoes were finished. To-day they would take what little belongings were left and go. Go where? To the country in the west, whose soldiers he had fought in the days of war?

He shook the thought off. It was futile. The future might be dark and again it might be more merciful than the present. What lay behind him was gone forever; name position, wealth, fame. A new and different life might be ahead. He turned and went softly out of the room to prepare the meagre breakfast.

Several weeks later in a seaport on the Baltic the man stood on

the platform of a station and tried to pierce the dark night, into which the train had disappeared. It bore away all he had possessed; his family. He had sent them to safety and himself had enlisted to fight once more for a lost cause, against the rolling tide of the red hordes.

A simple cross; a mound of earth — once more a battle-site — a shattered cross; a miry hollow.

— W. Rahr.

"IN MEMORY OF PROFESSOR KLEMN"

It was one o'clock in the morning, and outside Professor Klemn's Laboratory it was pitch dark, while inside, the very walls seemed to reek of an atmosphere of mystery unfathomable.

In the centre of the lab. was a huge, nearly circular piece of machinery, which we are soon to see was made of glass, milk and glass prisms. Around this masterpiece of delicate, intricate machinery, the latest invention of Professor Klemn, were grouped a number of learned scientists whom the Professor had invited to his laboratory that night to witness his trip to Mars.

The group came to attention as Professor Klemn strode up to them from the other side of the laboratory, where he had been doing some experimenting.

"Gentlemen," said the Professor, "I shall try to explain to you in as short a time as possible the work proposed by this complicated mass of knobs and levers which you see inside the machine. The machine itself, some twenty feet through, is made in the form of a prism. It is made of a special infra-ray glass, coated on the inside and outside with a special preparation of milk and asbestos. This mixture is invisible when applied to my special glass. As you know, light is the fastest travelling agent of nature, speeding through space at the awe-inspiring rate of 186,000 miles per second. So it follows that my machine here is directed by light. The second light strikes that large glass prism in the middle of the machine, held in place by glass rods, it is reflected into the prismatic sides with such great speed that one pull of this tiny lever here and the machine and all its occupants turn into a vague, milky white substance and are projected into space. The method of controlling the speed is by decreasing the number of sides of this middle prism susceptible to light, by casting on that particular side a black light which white light cannot penetrate. As to the direction of its course I have only to set it in whatever direction I choose to take and with the aid of the complicated but compact mass of prisms in this small box along with certain gasses and light rays, controlled by a set of numerically

marked push-buttons I can neutralize the gravity of all the large planets but the one on which I wish to land and I will be kept on a straight course, pulled by the gravity of that particular planet which I at present designate as Mars."

"In a few hours I shall step into this machine and as I control the levers and light hits the prisms, I shall disappear, so to say. You shall witness my flight by looking into that large glass-screen over at the end of the room. The image of my machine and all objects around it shall be projected into that screen by the aid of a machine which may be called for the present, a radio-light detector."

After this speech the Professor turned sharply and left the room.

The scientists had been grouped in the laboratory for nearly three hours, discussing among themselves the possibilities of the machine when the Professor reappeared in the lab.

"Gentlemen, it is time for me to go. In five minutes light shall appear and with its coming I and my machine shall depart from here."

So saying, the Professor went over and touched a few levers on the screen projector, made a few minor adjustments and saying, "Good-Morning," stepped into his machine.

The scientists grouped around the machine and — Dawn! — Light! — Light struck the middle prism and at once the entire interior of the machine was filled with a cold blue-white light. This passed in an instant, and the diamond-like glittering of the machine changed into the very vague, milky-white shape, as predicted, and in an instant it was gone.

The scientists could not at first believe what they had seen until a voice, the Professor's voice filled the room. "Look at the screen," he said, "and don't be surprised that you hear my voice, for I forgot to tell you that there is also a light-sound detector attached to the screen projector."

They all, with one accord turned and looked at the screen. They saw the milky-white machine, looking very vague and travelling through space at a terrific speed. They looked on, fascinated by the eerie glow it cast off, and even as they looked, a shape took form, far in the distance, growing by leaps and bounds until it filled the whole of the screen. Mars. Then while the machine was still ten miles above the surface of Mars, it encountered and passed through a half mile or so of upper-stratosphere fog. Then all of a sudden a beautiful, mechanical world was opened to their eyes, a sight such as man could never hope to witness again.

There, far below, and as far as the eye could see was a vast city of steel and concrete, gold and diamonds. While here and there was what seemed to be a park, covered beautifully with a scarlet sward and tall green trees not unlike earthly palm trees.

There was one spot in particular which attracted their attention most. That was a spot in one of the parks. A great palace made of concrete with a roof studded with diamonds and rubies.

Professor Klemn directed his ship towards this palace and landed safely near what seemed a gigantic door-way. Then the Professor touched a lever and his ship was turned from its milky-white vagueness to a sharp distinctness. He opened the door and, seeing that the air was not poisonous, stepped out.

"Wonderful air here on Mars," the Professor's voice floated through space to them. "It has a strange and vitalizing effect on my whole system. I feel as though I" — "Hey! What's this, the doors to that building are opening."

They saw it too. Slowly the massive brass portals were opening and out of them came a huge, well-tanned warrior, decked in tights and a leather harness, a sword by his side, another strange instrument resembling a revolver, a spear, high leather boots and a bright helmet.

"Who are you and from whence do you come?" he asked.

The Professor may have been surprised but he did not show it, instead he answered calmly, "Take me to your Ruler and I will answer these questions you ask me."

"Follow me," replied the Warrior.

He led the way through the doors and abruptly turned to the left, opened a door and motioned the Professor in. The Professor stepped through the door and stood spellbound for a moment. The room was immense; it must have been all of two hundred feet long and fifty feet high. The walls were made of gold, and the ceiling and floor were ivory studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and various other jewels, while down the centre of the room ran a thick rug. At the end was a dais and upon it a man seated in a chair.

"The Ruler, as you call him," explained the warrior, as he led the way to the throne. Here he came to a stop and raised his spear in a salute.

"This is a strange man whom I saw appear on the sward of the Palace but a few oas (equivalent to minutes) ago, as by a miracle from a foggy machine," the warrior addressed the King.

Then to the Professor he said, "Know ye that this is Ko-Tan, Kator (ruler) of all Mandifar, (a state of Mars). And your name and rank?"

"Professor Klemn of Earth."

Then the Kator spoke in a deep, melodious voice, "How came you here and for what reason?"

"I came here by a scientific device, and as for my reason for

coming, it is to know more about this planet."

"Earth-man, for your own good you will please get out of here as quickly as possible. Even now I am expecting an attack from my enemy, Mof-Taig of Kimsar, an attack from which I know there is no escape. All of my army has deserted to his side except my faithful son here, Ho-Tan.

The Professor realizing the urgency of the Kator, spoke up, "Most honourable Kator, I can carry you and your son safely to my world in the machine outside, where a great welcome will be accorded you."

The Kator and his son followed the Professor in silence and they had just entered the machine when the scientists heard an unearthly roar and there was a gigantic flash on the screen, then — silence, the screen became a complete blank.

The scientists were dumfounded for a moment by the roar and the flash. Then they realized that Professor Klemn, the Kator and his son had been blown to bits, along with the machine, by the deadly, precise instruments of war of Mof-Taig of Kimsar.

Professor Klemn would not be coming home; but he, his work and exploration, would go down in the annals of scientific research as the first man of Earth to set foot on Mars. —

— Again we salute Professor Klemn, brave, soldier-scientist of Earth.

— Gerald MacKay.

LIFE BEGINS AT 9:40

As the great hands on the bleak countenance of that very important timepiece in the front hall of Stanstead Wesleyan College form a rather acute angle involving the eighth and ninth parts of its circumference, peals of monotoned music (the work of electrical Quasimodo's) issue from several bases situated throughout the massive bulk of our home away from home. (The 9:40 bell rings.)

Those stalwart lads who have been gasping the shriveled weed, wearily come inside and wend their way aloft. All portals are barred and double locked. The institution stands — a unit, excommunicated and alone, yet within itself virtually throbbing with the lives of youth as yet still chaste and pure. But pardon me if the use of unwanted hyperbole cause the reader to hesitate in having faith in the veracity of these words. Now the nine-fifty bell has rung and very marked progress in the preparation for bed may be noticed, suggesting a back to nature movement among the boys.

When the ten o'clock bell rings, the flats are seized with a silence that can be heard. The teacher in charge, be he a flaxen-haired Saxon

or Acadian bold, (or the Dean) retires immediately to the solitude of his cell, soon to lapse into a state of undisturbed somnambulism, thus to remain until the fluid shafts of dawn bathe his window sill.

Now is the time when one, Freddie the rat, emerges from his domain and commences to annoy the animal life within his fur by means of vigorous scratching, the noise of which is said to keep many young lads awake to the small hours of the morning. Now is the time when Egbert, the local tom cat, picks his way with what seems to be exaggerated circumspection along the back fence. Perchance he meets Mabel, the object of his affection, and they lay their heads together and empty their lungs at the Three Villages. Egbert sings in his favourite falsetto, pouring forth music of one deeply inspired, rising in great crescendo to a mighty climax that seems to reach the very heavens, only to drop in that sickening Egbertian manner to the gates of Tartarus. Mabel fills in, from time to time, with her outstanding contraltissimo screech, lending her talent to the odd bit of harmony as she feels the impulse. But soon the feline entertainers are forced to retire under the back porch, as from far aloft come the silken voices of their competitors, the Moonlight Serenaders. In rendering "No, no, a thousand times No!" these two masters of the vocal chords aptly express the sentiments of their audience, and many are the requests to sing, "Nevermore" and "Way down upon the Swanee River."

While this sort of thing is going on, the innocents of the top flat (all of course in their own rooms) are gorging themselves on victuals or amusing each other in divers ways. Social calls are paid and repaid. This is truly the time when the boys live and enjoy it. But around the eleventh hour they succumb to drowsiness, and each one crawls into his humble cot to await with terror, that dreaded 7:25 A.M. bell.

Thus, as a blanket of stillness envelops the flats, the quick march of a lithe and well carried frame is heard, and with it comes the smartly uniformed figure of Jim the night-watchman as he walks sprightly along the corridors, and having gone his rounds, disappears in the gloom, to leave behind him only silence and blessed peace.

— Archie MacLeod.

* * *

"Christianity was introduced into England in 597 by St. Augustine" lectured the pedagogue. "Well, Curtis, what's your question?"

"597 A.D. or B.C.?" inquired the infant prodigy.

SOUVENIRS.....

15 août, 1931

"Il m'arrive une épouvantable castastrophe! J'en suis encore tout émue et tremblante... Que vais-je devenir dans ce milieu inconnu?... Dans ce milieu étrange et fantastique où l'on ne parle pas le français, où des gens de six nations différentes se coudoient journellement et où je dois étudier pendant dix longs mois!... Eh oui! sous prétexte de me faire apprendre l'anglais, ma famille m'expédie cavalièrement pour un lointain collège, dont j'ignorais même le nom jusqu'à ce jour... "Le collège de Stanstead est le lieu par excellence", dit papa, mais je conserve des doutes à ce sujet!... Je me l'imagine d'ici cet affreux collège. Une drôle de bâtisse bientôt centenaire avec de grands murs à l'aspect froid et sévère, des escaliers biscornus, un ameublement d'un autre siècle, et pour le comble de mon malheur, située dans un petit village de rien du tout. Ah! j'en aurai du plaisir!... Puis tous ces gens qui doivent y habiter avec moi... On me regardera comme une curiosité et j'entends déjà leurs propos moqueurs... Tiens, je le sens, j'en mourrai d'ennui!"...

En relisant ces quelques lignes extraites de mon vieux journal, je souris avec indulgence de mes craintes puériles. Comment pourrais-je oublier avec quelle bien-veillance les professeurs s'unirent pour me faciliter ces premiers mois loin du foyer, avec quel entrain les élèves m'accueillirent comme l'une des leurs! Pas un instant me suis-je sentie réellement étrangère à la place, et pourtant j'étais la seule élève canadienne-française. Et puis, ce petit village de rien du tout, m'est devenu cher. De cet affreux collège je ne rapporte que de charmants souvenirs. D'ailleurs, il n'est pas si affreux que cela... Je revois encore le parc avec sa fraîche pelouse, ses vieux arbres, ses jolies fleurs; la grande salle à manger où nous prenions si gaiement nos repas, les classes confortables et bien éclairées où nous écoutions parfois un peu distraitement, il faut l'avouer, les sages leçons que nous prodiguaient nos professeurs, enfin une petite chambre avec des rideaux de mousseline rose, petite chambre qui s'obstinait quelquefois, à rester en désordre en dépit d'efforts vraiment louables de la part de son occupante!... Ah! c'était le bon temps, comme disent si bien nos vieux paysans...

Comme je dois beaucoup à ce collège que mon imagination vagabonde me présentait sous de si faux dehors. J'y ai appris à connaître mon prochain avec un esprit dégagé de tout préjugé stupide, à respecter les croyances, les principes, les idées d'autrui; plus encore, j'y ai appris à aimer ce prochain pour sa valeur personnelle sans me poser de sottises questions sur son origine, n'ayant garde d'oublier que la valeur d'un individu ne dépend ni de sa naissance ni de sa fortune... Dans ce même collège des personnes dont la nationalité et les traditions différents, vivent

dans une saine et forte amitié chez des élèves qui font partie d'une nation qui leur était autrefois antipathique. . . .

Le Canada a besoin de collège comme celui de Stanstead pour favoriser l'épanouissement des belles qualités caractéristiques de son peuple et intensifier le développement de la bonne entente les différentes races qui peuplent notre globe! . . .

— Rollande Levesque.
S.W.C. 1931-'32.

Ce 6 mai, 1935.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erberus:
Let no such man be trusted."

Outside the evening was settling. I was restless, but felt strangely elated. In a few hours the concert would begin. All the work and effort of weeks would become one crowning, glorious realization. In my mind I ran over the many rehearsals for that cantata, the strange mood in which I was transplanted every time we began. I had lived during these short three-quarter hour periods of every Saturday morning with a new and wholesome joy.

The rather unpleasant incidents accompanying every rehearsal were fully counterbalanced by the feeling that after each stop, each interruption, the chorus had gone a step ahead and had come nearer to the true nature of music. The piece itself, I did not like at first; but as we continued on and on, adding true music step by step to the whole structure, I felt myself growing more and more one with it. I distinctly remember, pacing my room in the dusk, that I had never spoken much during the rehearsals, had felt as if each word, was only detracting from the beauty of the piece and disturbed that state of mind in which I found myself always anew.

And now it had come. It was a few minutes off supper time and after that, — pure, undisturbed joy of singing. It was not the character of the piece that held me spellbound; for the past had lifted me too high on wings of music in the dimness of opera-houses, the hush of concert halls, or my solitary reveries and meditations on the back-stage, waiting for the sign to enter. It was the feeling of being able to help and to do a small thing well, to know that it would bring rest, joy and perhaps happiness for ever so short a time to at least some of those who would crowd the hall to-night.

And now we stood and waited for the sign of that little man in

front of us, in whose hands all strings ran together. The baton rose and I began to live, as one lives only for short periods of time, and the memories of which carry one's spirit over years to come. At times, when the expression of that man's face before us took on such an intense appeal; when, eagerly listening, his body leaned a little further forward to better catch and guide that fine crescendo; when, with a sweep so strong and commanding, his arms raised our voices to the pitch of glory, and intense enthusiasm. In such moments I felt a lump in my throat; I felt, without shame, tears surge into my eyes, and from the bottom of my open soul I thanked my Creator for such moments, for music, happiness and joy, for depths and heights so seldom reached, for the fate that had let me meet that stocky little figure in front of me. His features would forever be graven into my mind and the expression of his face forever linked with precious moments which form the true gems, adorning our path from the cradle to the grave.

Then came the last bar: a tremendous crescendo; and then the last softly gliding amen disappeared into silence. I had lived fully, deeply, and joyously; had moved in spheres out of the reach of everyday routine and now felt strengthened. My most memorable day had sunk into the past. I had received and given — I had lived.

— W.Rahr.

The Most Memorable Day In My Career At S. W. C.

Such a subject, no doubt, will conjure up in the minds of some occasions such as International Night and the League of Nations. Though these events were impressive, stately, they do not represent to me the true essence of school life. I believe it is the harmless and humorous escapades that we remember the best. So without further ado I shall begin.

The incident to which I shall refer began upon my arrival at Stanstead College.

Entering upon college life was in itself an education, and I, poor gullible lad, immediately became the centre of attraction, or at least so it seemed to me. Having in my bosom a heart which palpitated for the fair I was not averse to being a public spectacle. In fact, to a large degree, I actually enjoyed being the man of the hour.

This state of bliss, my dear readers, culminated when I received my first note. This in itself will explain to many why I have chosen this subject. Such happy bliss was mine! The note intricately folded, to me not blest with a college career, was slipped to me with secrecy worthy of the Klu Klux Klan. The writing which I identified as belonging to the girls' flats instantly set me agog. What fair maiden had so deigned to bless me with her correspondence? Reading the note placed me in the seventh heaven. Ah! Joy supreme!

An inkling of the note would convince you, dear readers, the state of fluctuation of my heart.

The lady in question had been terribly smitten by that horrid little creature Cupid on my behalf. Believing in my mythical charms I could readily understand the state of bliss that surrounded her. Would I write to her? Would a starving man eat?

With feverish haste I sat down to write. Just how was such a thing carried on? What should I say? Should I make it long or short? These questions finally being worked out I wrote the note. To finish properly we should have lived happy ever after, but this was not the case.

Dear readers, here I break down with sorrow. The note came from two of the boys.

— Donald Gordon, Jr.

Editor's Note — But there is a happy ending to this story. Read the sequel.

Another Most Memorable Day.

There are some days that are perfect in themselves. They come quite unexpectedly and when they drift into a haze of golden memories they become, not so much recollections as impressions — sensations. And a place itself is remembered not by its outstanding events but by the general impression which it leaves with one.

The days that I shall like to remember at Stanstead are days like this.

It was early summer, soft and warm. The whole world was blue sky, green grass and trees, and white clothes. Winter was a thing of the past. The hotness and dusty dryness were things of the future. There was no school on that day. It started at six-thirty with tennis and except for meals all the rest of it was spent out-of-doors. After breakfast a bicycle ride, then another game of tennis. After dinner we went for a walk. Down by the Tomifobia we watched the little stream, so deep under the trees, so shallow over the stones. We talked to a bull-frog and listened to the song thrush and came back to find a track meet in full swing.

But mostly I remember the evening of that perfect day. A friend and I watched the sun setting over Sunnyside, over the lake, away over the hills, and we talked. We talked of our ambitions, our hopes, perhaps our dreams. And we stayed until long after the sun went down, and the moon came up and the little cool night breeze ruffled our hair.

When I am old, I think I shall remember that talk long after I have forgotten the track meet. A cool night breeze will bring back the memory of dreams, ambitions, the hopes of Sixteen — and a friend.

— Adrienne Cameron.

THE LEAST INTERESTING DAY OF MY HOLIDAYS

It requires a great deal of elimination on my part to finally decide upon Wednesday the seventeenth of April, as being the least interesting day of my holidays. For all the holidays were far from interesting, in fact, it was the dulllest vacation that I have ever experienced, and upon serious consideration I think that the "most dull" would be a better title than the least interesting.

I woke up on this particular Wednesday to find that a mixture of snow and rain, commonly known as sleet, was coming down from the clouds. I got up fairly early, and went down stairs, only to find that no one else was up, and that the house was colder than an ice box. I shivered around until about ten o'clock, and then ate breakfast, and even this seemed to me to taste very bad.

After breakfast I tried to read, but it was impossible, for try as I might I could not interest myself in any book, and so lay down and tried to sleep. This was also of no avail, and I was nearly dead of boredom by dinner time.

After dinner I turned to the radio for comfort, only to find that someone had broken it. By this time I was utterly discouraged, and I had begun to look upon myself as a martyr. I now sat in gloomy meditation until supper, and after supper I was only too glad to go to bed, and conclude the most miserable day of my life.

This day is only one example of the holidays I spent. Most of the others were nearly as bad. The weather was damp and cold, and during the twelve days of my holidays I never had one glimpse of the sun. The ironical thing was that upon our first day of school the sun shone forth brilliantly, as if rejoicing at the thought that we were at liberty no more. Even now, as I write this, it is such a day as to make anyone envy the outdoor life of the labourer.

I realize that this composition is not interesting, nor thrilling, but it is not meant to be. Throughout this composition I have tried to reflect my spirits as they were during my vacation. And in conclusion, I would like to ask you this, was there some strange destiny which made the vacation as it was, or was it merely chance?

— Billy Heath.

Sarkis Kilikian

(From *"The Forty Days of Musa Dagh"* by Franz Werfel)

Sarkis Kilikian was born north of the small town of Alexanderette on the Armenian-Russian border. At the age of eleven Sarkis experienced the first horror of which his life was full. Sarkis' father was a watchmaker. On a certain night at twelve o'clock the watchmaker had retired to his home close by for his night's rest. Suddenly he heard loud pounding on his shop door. When he opened the door storm-troops poured into his small shop. Their leader was a young red-faced fellow of small stature. This leader accused Sarkis' father of being a money-lender, and after a brief argument shots rang out in the building and Sarkis' father slumped to the floor — dead. Quickly as he could Sarkis rushed back into the parlour where his mother and her three children were. The troops followed close on his heels. In his fury Sarkis threw a plate at their young leader and with evident result. He bellowed for his followers to shoot down the whole family. Before he could get the words out of his mouth a water-pitcher landed on the end of his nose. One of his comrades snatched the small baby from the cradle and swung it against the wall — breaking its skull. Shots again rang out. Two bullets hit the mother's arm as she held on to her two small children. The next one hit her in the face and she toppled over Sarkis' body trying to shield him from the bullets. Sarkis lay under the body of his mother until the men had finished ransacking his home. After this he became a silent and a dull being. The horrors of that first experience had changed his entire life.

Sarkis was next sent to rich relatives with whom he was to live. This was a monotonous life for a young boy. After living with them for a short while Sarkis Kilikian ran away to work in the oil fields of Baku. Here his skin became yellow and shriveled up. There was much competition between the oil-kings at this time, and, upon the murder of one of the rich men Sarkis was accused of the slaying. He was thrown into one of the many dark prison cells and kept closely guarded.

It was here that a princess befriended him and helped him out of many of his difficulties. Nearly every day she took Sarkis aside and taught him spiritual rites besides many other things. Sarkis was given many privileges by the princess and this paved his way for escape. Sarkis was removed from his dark prison cell to the barracks. When out walking — another thing granted to him by the princess — he ran away again. After nearly starving for a week he was captured. Kilikian was charged with being a deserter and given a term of three years.

When his term was served the war had begun. Sarkis wished to join the forces but was declared unfit to do so. With the Turks at first,

he saved the forces of Pasha against the Russians by his quick thinking. Then came the sudden blow to the Armenian race. All Armenians were ordered out of Turkey and could take nothing except what they could carry in their two hands. Most of this race perished of hunger in the desert but Sarkis and a few of his companions braved these sufferings. As a reward they were given freedom in a lovely valley, but did not know the treachery which awaited them. They were lined up in a row in front of armed soldiers. Suddenly a hail of lead swept the rank. Men fell screaming to the ground. Luckily no bullets had hit Sarkis on the first volley and wisely he fell to the earth — pretending death with his dead comrades, and so escaped for the third time.

Wandering at night and hiding in the daylight hours he came upon his first home. Another watchmaker was sitting there and he was admitted entrance. He was given a gun and again set out on his wanderings.

He joined the band of Armenians, five thousand strong, which defied the power of Turkey to send them into exile, and entrenched themselves on top of the mountain, Musa Dag, looking out onto the Mediterranean. For forty horrid, glorious days this little force held itself intact against the might of Turkey, carrying on its own little society during this time.

Sarkis was given command of a bastion with a force of deserters. Such had been his life that he no longer knew fear, nor love, nor hate. He could no longer be loyal or obedient to his leaders. During the first attack he defended his section gloriously; but in a later attack he seemed to lose his nerve, and was driven back.

The end of this man who had miraculously come through the Jaws of Death many times, and who really believed himself immune from death, was ignoble: He was shot for treason by the revolver of his own chief. Such was the end of one of the most paradoxical, inexplicable characters in recent fiction.

— David MacIntosh.

* * *

While having butterscotch pie for dinner one young man was heard to remark:

"Oh, dear, the scotch in this pie is making my belt tight."

* * *

Mr. Brown: "Give the chemical formula for water, Andy."

Andy: "H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O."

Mr. Brown: "What do you mean, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O?"

Andy: "Well, you said yourself that it was H. to O."

A BOAT RACE

It was a little over a week before Dominion Day, and every one around Storm Point was betting on "Red" Murdock to win the annual row-boat race.

He had won the prize cup offered by the "big boss" of the Mackenzie Lumber Mills for the last two years. The cup was presented to the best rower out of the nine branch camps, each mill having its own favourite champion.

Murdock had won the cup for the last two years, but had married, and then moved to number seven because he wished to be nearer the adjacent city, and also because he had then been offered a higher position.

Consequently, the men of number three were quite despondent for they had no one to represent them in the approaching race, as none of the other lumbermen were worth entering.

About this time, young Tom Jackson came to take Murdock's place in number three. When he was asked where he came from he replied that his home was on Lake Erie, but no one paid much attention to this at the time.

One evening, however, when there were only about six days left before the approaching race, he was out fishing on the lake, when the dinner gong rang. There were several men on the Company wharf watching him, and smoking their after-work pipes. They noticed that he was about a fifteen minute row from there, and then they went up to the bunk-house to get ready for a Saturday evening in the village. They had just barely arrived in the bunk-house when in walked young Jackson. One of them asked him how he had gotten into shore so quickly, and when he answered that he had rowed, they turned around to stare at him and at each other dumfounded, as he had made a fifteen-minute row in less than half that time.

To make matters short they persuaded him to row for number three the next Friday.

When this appointed day arrived, the betting was running higher than usual and everyone was wondering how the new young hopeful of number three would make out. The day was perfect; the sun was high in a cloudless sky, and there was hardly a ripple in the water, the usual conditions around Storm Point, as the Point got its name, not from the number of storms, but from their vigor.

The course was the usual one, that is to leave the bay, and round "Three-mile" Island, and then strike back for the nearest land they could reach whose water was in the bay itself, making a total distance of about six miles.

The boats were lined up, and the gun could scarcely be heard for the loud cheers that arose, two boats and a canoe upsetting in the excitement. Everyone had been so excited that they had not noticed the storm-clouds stealing rapidly over the darkening sky.

Each mile there were boats, placed there to signal to those on shore the order of the contestants. Needless to say, the men of number three were disheartened when the first mile showed their champion to be fifth in line; more so when the second mile showed him seventh. They were threatening murder and sudden death when the men on the island showed him last in line.

By this time however the water had become quite rough, white-caps appearing just about the time the competitors reached the island.

Young Jackson had by this time given up all hope of victory but kept on just the same, as that was the quickest way to reach shore. Consequently he was considerably surprised to look up suddenly and see two boats behind his own, and with a half-a-mile to go, right up behind the lusty Murdock himself.

The cause of this was that Red was not used to rowing in roughish water, nor were any of the others; but Tom, having spent his youth on Lake Erie, was used to rowing on calm water and equally as well on the rough water which that shallow lake can at times produce.

He had not yet won the race, however, as he had not done enough rowing since the previous summer to be in good condition, while Red, who had been practising all spring was still good for a burst of speed, and all the more so in still water.

Yard by yard he was gaining until they only had about a quarter of a mile to go. The crowd was yelling like mad; it took more than a little rain to drive them in, best clothes or not. They were almost even, Red being a little in advance when they entered the calmer water of the bay. Here the waves were just about right to give Tom the advantage he needed.

They were both dripping with water, caused by the elements and their exertions, and both were aching from their strained positions, yet neither yielded an inch that he could have held for himself. Slowly Tom drew even until there was but another hundred yards to go. It looked like a tie.

Fifty yards to go, and still they were even, forty, thirty, twenty. Neither had gained an inch. Fifteen yards, suddenly a grating crash was heard. Both boats stopped dead and their rowers, who had forgotten the "Big Rock" in their excitement and eagerness to reach the nearest point of land, fell over backwards. Both men immediately jumped from their

boats and tried to free them. Red tried to push his boat over the rock towards shore, while Jackson backed off. Red got stuck only faster, while Tom rowed to victory, securing for number three the cup for the third and last time.

— Walter Scott.

THE AMAZING JOURNEY OF PROFESSOR LOCKE

After a seemingly endless wait the Hampton Undersea Explorers conducted by Prof. James T. Locke had started for the Carribean. Even now as the ship wallowed through the heavy sea it showed traces of the last minute rush which had been necessary in order to get away on time. The crew was still packing away the crates upon which the expedition's success depended; namely the huge bathysphere, for it was the object of the party to ascertain the truth of the rumour that prehistoric animals dwelt below the depth that men had formerly been able to reach. In order to do this a specially constructed sphere had been made, as well as many new scientific instruments for measuring pressure, visibility, and light. This huge ball in which Prof. Locke and his assistant Tow Ames were to make their descent was of a special metal designed to withstand the pressure of the lower regions. Its windows were of two inch shatter-proof glass. In order to get air a specially built air generator had been installed to do away with the hose from the ship, for it was expected that the pressure would be so great that it would close the hose and suffocate the people within. This machine, run by a storage battery, sucked in the used air and expelled it through a pipe while it generated new air to be used in the sphere. The only connection with the ship was the cable with which the sphere was raised and lowered. In this cable were the telephone lines which enabled the occupants of the sphere to converse with those on the ship. The sphere was equipped with an extremely powerful light to enable the persons to see away from the rays of the light ordinarily used by craft of this type.

When ten days out of New York it was decided that the right place had been reached for the first attempt. It had been decided that at first a trial would be made to determine the safety of the sphere. Accordingly, after the sphere had been assembled, Prof. Locke and Tom squeezed through the narrow opening and heard the bolts being hammered home. Then came the muffled sound of the winch lowering the sphere. As they looked out of the windows at the water it grew darker and darker. The depthimeter registered six, then seven, ten, twenty, thirty, and finally thirty-five thousand feet. Here at this point the Prof. told

the men on the ship to stop the winch. As the generator was working they were very comfortable.

Upon looking out of the port-holes they saw many strange fish of varying sizes. A tiny fish with a peculiar phosphorous light poked its nose against the glass as if it resented the intrusion. Other queer fish darted here and there as if startled by the queer beast which gave off the strange light although the spot light had not been turned on.

Seeing that all was well the Professor decided that there was no time like the present to explore. Therefore he sent word to the ship to lower the sphere, but to do so very slowly as he wished to have time to take notes and look around. Finally after getting down to forty thousand feet they stopped and the Professor turned on the spot light. Immediately as he turned its rays out of the window the sphere experienced a terrific shock, throwing them to the floor. Upon getting up they saw a huge monster surrounded by some hazy substance which was apparently a part of it. This matter appeared to be the arms and legs of the creature. They were, it seemed, pawing at something in the ray that came from the spotlight.

Suddenly they realized that the air-pressure in the sphere was steadily mounting. Upon inspecting the generator they found that the impure aid could not escape. This presented a most difficult problem for though they were in no danger of suffocating they would nevertheless not be able to live if the pressure got much greater. Upon discovering this they signalled to the ship to raise them but the winch could not budge them.

At this they looked out to see if they could see any reason for this. Imagine their surprise when they saw that the creature was clinging to the side of the sphere and still pawing at the thing in the path of light. This explained two things, the reason why the sphere could not be raised, and the reason why the air outlet pipe was stopped up, for the hazy part of the monster was covering the hole. But try as they might they could not get the beast off the sphere.

Now a new difficulty arose for the electricity was running low and without it the generator would not run. Therefore to save electricity they turned off the spot light. Immediately the sphere received a slight shock and the air pressure lessened slowly.

Although the men were so nearly overcome that they could not realize that they were out of the clutches of the monster, however, when they were taken out of the sphere, they started reasoning as to the cause of the creature's letting go. They finally became certain that the creature's pawing had been not at something in the sea but at the light. They decided that the creature had rushed at the light when it was

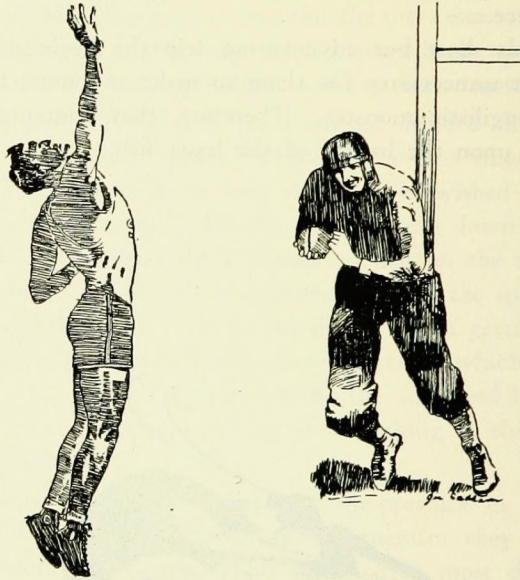
flashed on, thus causing the shock, and that it had been irritated by the bubbles coming from the air exhaust tube and had clamped itself on the tube. When the light had been turned off it decided that its tormenter had gone, therefore it released its hold and allowed the sphere to be drawn up to the surface.

From this short but adventurous trip the Professor got enough data to make it unnecessary for them to make any more trips into the realm of the pugilistic monster. Therefore, they contented themselves with intruding upon the haunts of the lesser fish.

— Bill Pike.



SPORT



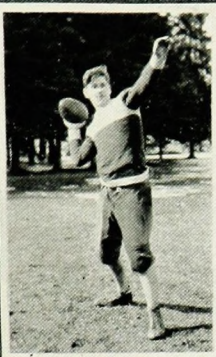
CHAMPIONS

Twenty years ago in a little town in Kansas a small boy was playing beside his mother's coal-oil stove. With child-like curiosity he started to investigate the intricacies of the stove, and climbed on a chair to get a better view. Somehow or other the chair slipped, and in trying to save himself from falling the young lad put out his hand and pulled the stove down on top of him. The burning oil poured over his feet and legs, and burnt deep wounds before his cries brought help from a near-by house. For several weeks that little chap hovered between life and death, but finally his parents breathed a prayer of thankfulness when they were told that the crisis had been passed. There was a sob in their prayer however for, said the doctor, the boy would never walk again.

A year ago a tall, well-built college boy ran a mile in time that was faster than any man had ever run before. He set a record that few men will ever equal or better. Few people guessed that it was this same boy who twenty years before had pulled his mother's stove over him, and who had been told he would never walk again. A champion, who through perseverance and grit changed from a crippled boy to the world's greatest miler.



~HAPPY~



~ANDY~



~VIP~



~DON~



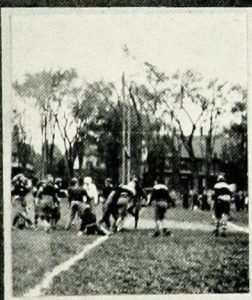
~PROF. AND HAPPY~



~HERC~



~HOWIE~



~TOUCH DOWN~
~SWE~

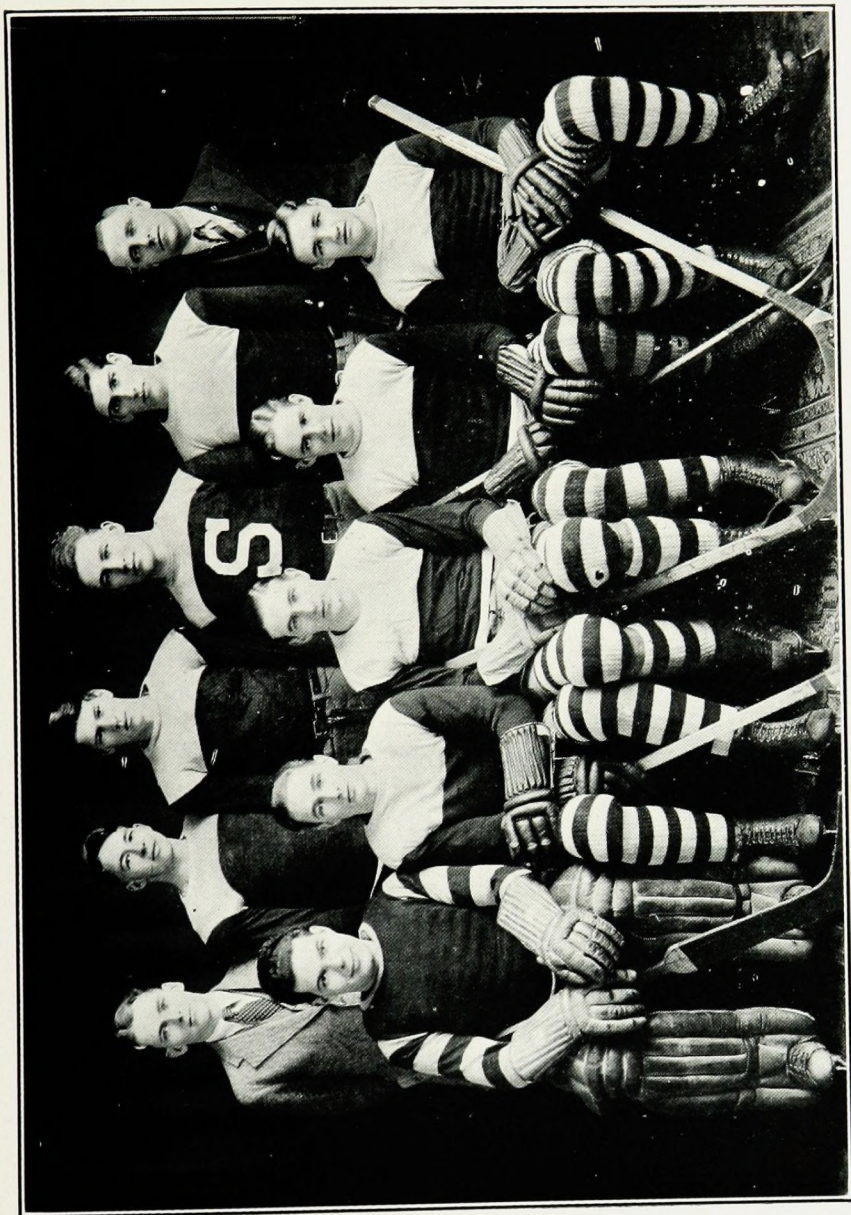


~PERK~



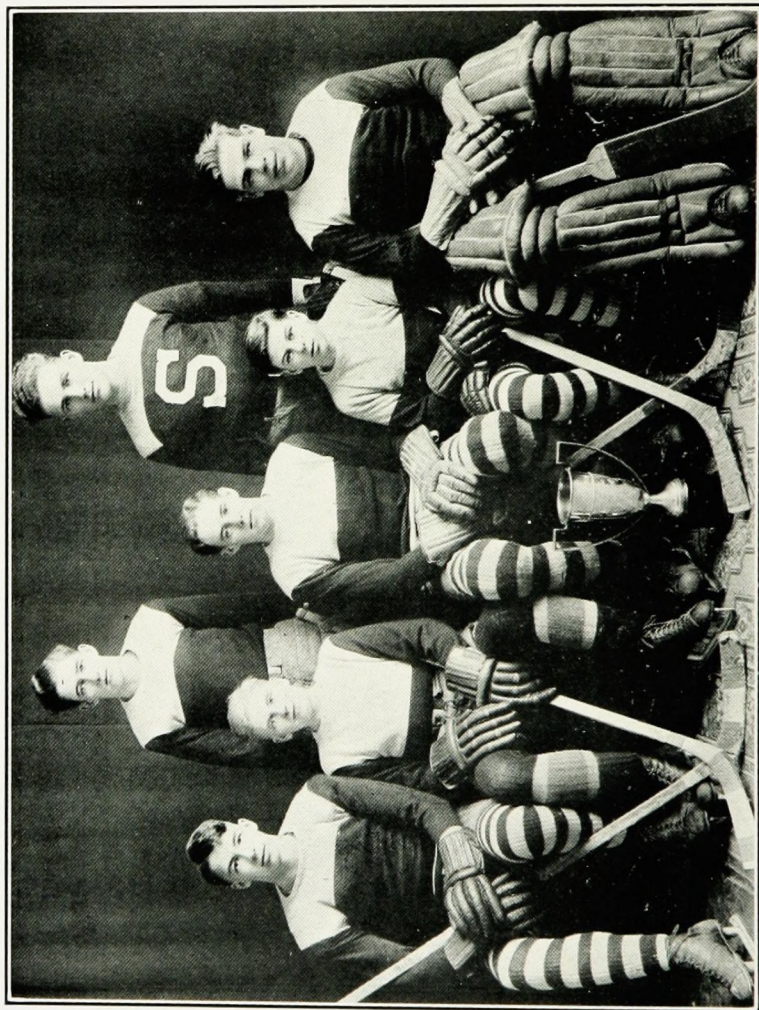
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS INTER-SCHOLASTIC FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS
WINNERS BIRON TROPHY 1934

Mr. Brown, Mr. Bready, Mr. Amaron, Mr. McGilton
Redheffer, Prichard, Adam, Whitehead, Kneeland, Channell, Brown,
Poaps, Bliss, Langley, Austin, Gordon (Capt.), Vipond, Smith, Perkins, Middleton.



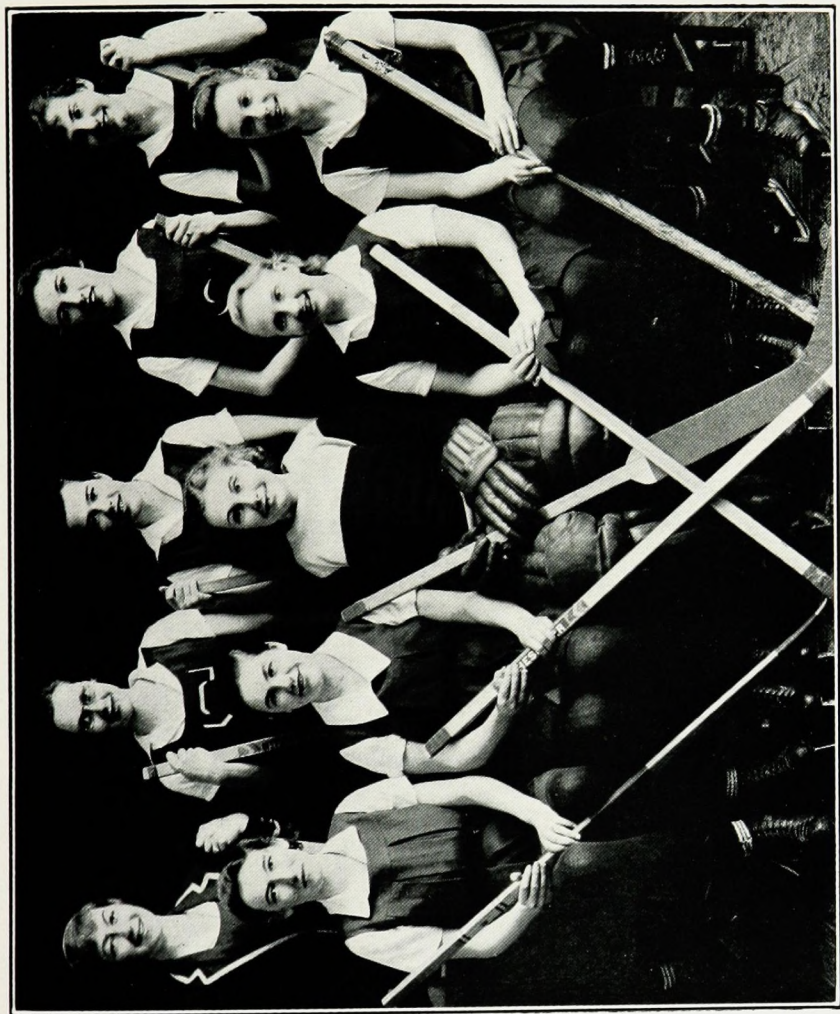
SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Mr. Brown, P. Poaps, R. Langley, H. Channell, A. Brown, Mr. McGilton
D. Gordon, A. Smith, J. MacNab (Capt.), B. Vipond, H. Channell



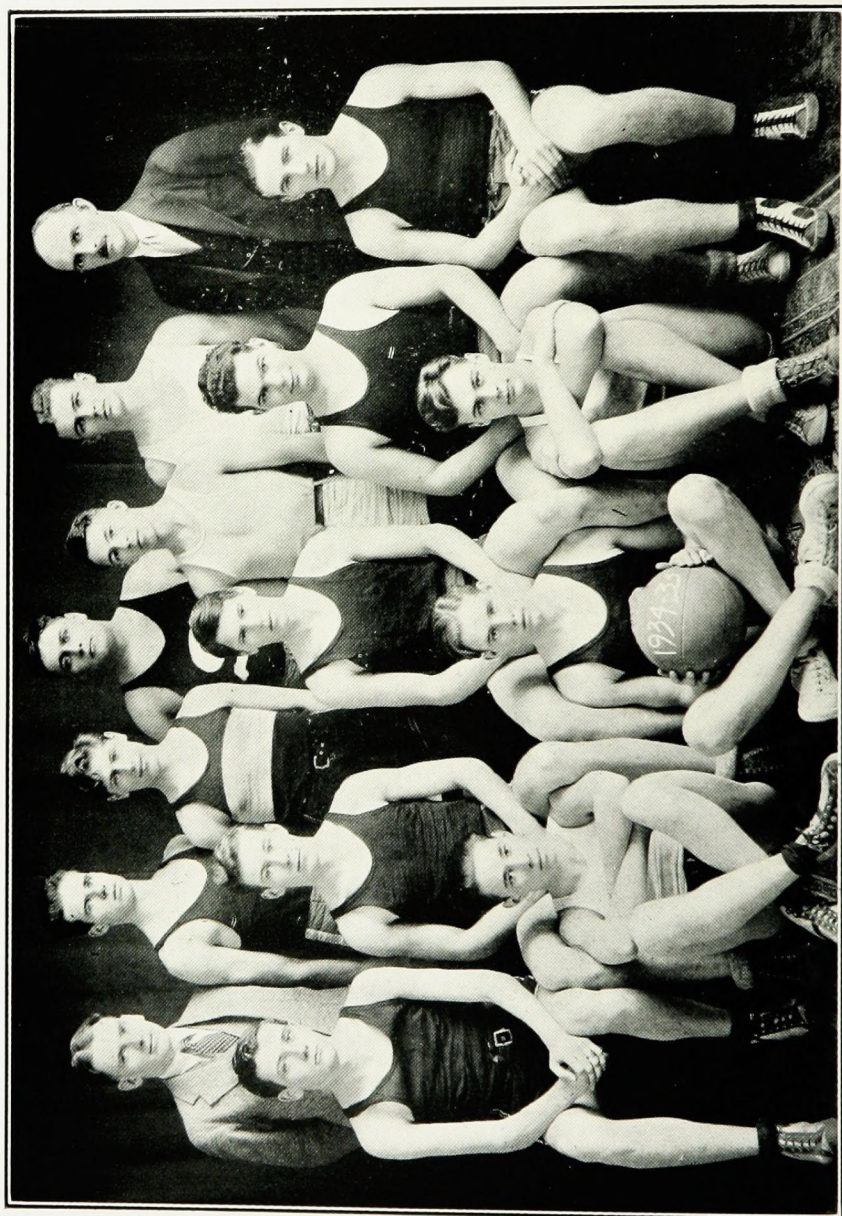
HOUSE LEAGUE CHAMPIONS WINNERS OF THE FRANK AND LESTER PATRICK CUP.

H. Slack, H. Channell
P. Poaps, E. Carr, B. Vipond (Capt.), B. MacKeige, M. Prichard



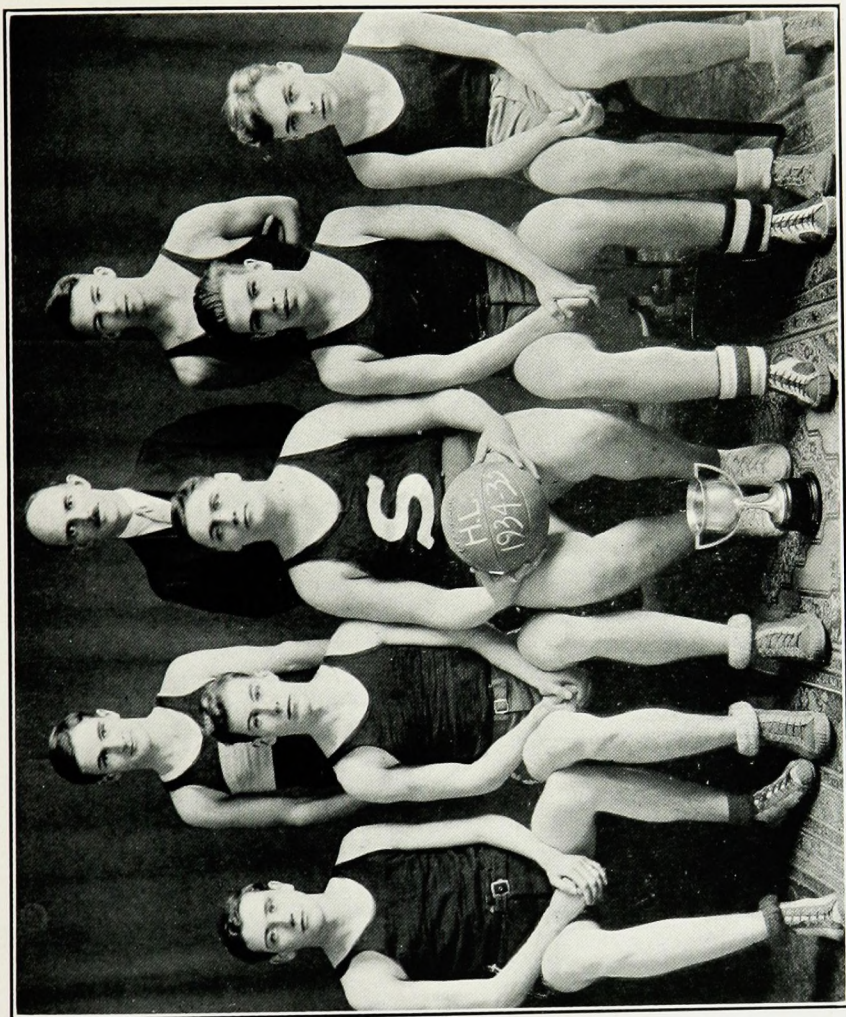
GIRLS' SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Mrs. Amaron, A. Pike, P. Lamb (Capt.), C. Philip, M. Gorham
A. Laythe, V. Astle, B. Walsh, M. Walsh, B. Lamb.



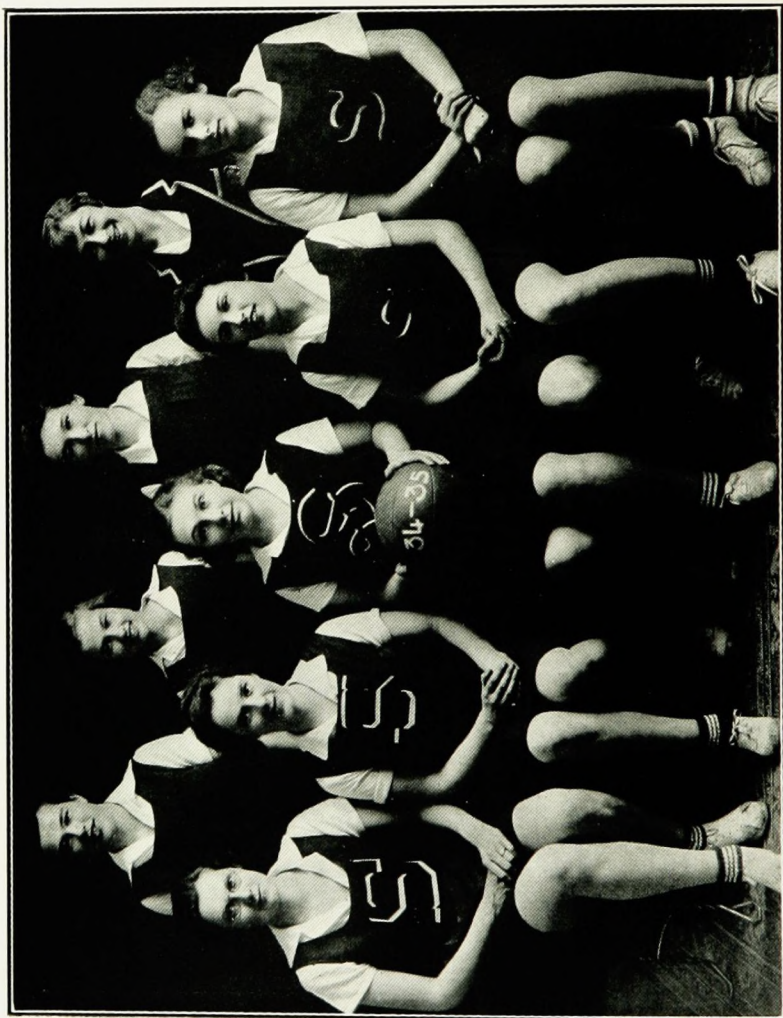
SENIOR BASKETBALL SQUAD

Mr. F. Brown, D. Adam, R. Whitehead, J. Whitehead, P. Poaps, R. Kneeland, Mr. Amaron
L. Luker, E. Austin, R. Langley (Capt.), D. Gordon, J. MacNab
J. Redheffer, B. Vipond, B. Peat.



HOUSE-LEAGUE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS, WINNERS OF THE BRITTON-MOORE CUP

W. Scott, Mr. Anarion, P. Poaps
L. Luker, E. Austin, J. Whitehead (Capt.), M. Prichard, B. Peat.



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM
P. Lamb, F. Curtis, A. Laythe, Mrs. Amaron
A. Pike, A. Cameron, B. Walsh (Capt.), C. Philip, D. LaRoche.

Several years ago in an intercollegiate harrier race two teams were competing whose rivalry had extended over a period of years. The interest in the race was keen and to the winner would go an unlimited amount of praise. The course was five miles, up and over a hill. There were side tracks going off the regular route, and these were not all marked. From the start of the race it was evident that the competition would be very keen. Two men led the pack, one from each College. For three miles they raced neck and neck, outstripping the rest of the field. Then the runner from the visiting College pulled away from the other man, and soon disappeared around a turn. He was running a beautiful race and looked like a certain winner. With a little more than a mile to go he came to a cross road, and in all confidence took the turn to the left. The other man with whom he had run on even terms for the first three miles was still running strongly. When he came to the cross roads he saw the visiting man two hundred yards down the left hand trail. That was not the correct route, and to follow it meant the loss of the race. Here was an opportunity to win an intercollegiate championship. Continue on though he had never seen the man on the wrong trail. It was only by chance he had seen him. Honours for himself and for his college.

Such thoughts never entered the runner's head. As soon as he saw the man ahead of him going down the wrong road, he stopped and called to him, waited at the cross roads for him to come back and then let him get two hundred yards down the right road before he started himself. A champion, not because he won the race, he didn't, he won something more than a race. He won a niche in the hall of true sportsmanship. As Grantland Rice would say, "He played the game."

A year and a half ago in an intercollegiate track meet two men from the same team were competing in a race. The one was good but not outstanding. The other was a star, an Olympic Games runner. The day was fine and warm, ideal for record breaking, and the Olympic runner was expected to set one if not two new marks in his race. As the time for his first race drew near the competing teams were all closely bunched for the lead in points. A record would be a nice thing to have, but the team needed all the points it could get. The Olympic runner was expected to win, and so he could run his own race. He did, and slowly at that. The rest of the men were bunched behind him, his team-mate second. They kept that position until the final stretch, and then the team-mate who was still fresh, broke away from the others, finishing in a dead heat with the Olympic runner who had slowed up for him. No record was broken, but the team gained second as well as first place. The work of a champion, running his race, not for himself, but for his team.

A true exhibition of unselfishness, repeated time and again by real champions.

These are just a few examples which may help to show what goes into the make-up of a champion. They have all been taken from the sport of track, but they are to be found in every sport. Early this month there is a heavy-weight boxer fighting for the championship of the world. A very short time ago that man was being fed in relief camp. Today he is back again as a result of sheer grit and perseverance.

Everyone can't be a champion, but everyone can follow the practice of these men at the top, and in doing so there is everything to gain and nothing to lose. Competitive sport is a test of character, and the man with the highest moral qualities is as far on the road to a championship as the man with physical ability. Perseverance, grit, sportsmanship, and team spirit, or unselfishness, are the four essentials to every competitor, he who has them has half the battle won, and is more of a champion than many of the men and women who have been credited with that title.

— D. Amaron.

RUGBY

The season of 1934 gave the College a chance to win the Eastern Townships Interscholastic Rugby League, and to wrest the cup from the grip of Sherbrooke High School.

With the exception of one or two veterans, the first turn-out consisted mostly of raw material. Critics were fully agreed that nothing by the way of success could come from such an unexperienced group. But Mr. Amaron, desirous of showing these pessimists a thing or two, put all his energy into the moulding of a first-rate team. They were successful over numerous opponents, and in the end were undisputed champions. After a ten game season they had but one defeat registered against them.

The backfield, led by Captain Don Gordon, was the main scoring source, and they took advantage of the numerous opportunities afforded them by a strong line.

The only set-back of the season was handed out by the Bishop's University Jrs., who in the final moments of the first scheduled game won by the score 14 - 12.

Last year was the first time for several years that a college squad had upset the boys from Sherbrooke. This year in both their games they won over their traditional rivals.

The annual game against the Commissioner's High School of

Quebec was held on the College field, and once again the Red and White was victorious.

Two games against Bishop's College School resulted in two hard fought victories over their opponents from Lennoxville.

Lennoxville High School nearly downed the College Boys, but the game ended in a tie.

The old boys got together twice, and the result was one win for the College and a tie game.

Bishop's University Jrs. defaulted the last game of the season, and the season ended with the College team champions.

Those on the squad were: Don Gordon, Captain; E. Perkins, I. Poaps, L. Bliss, G. Whitehead, R. Kneeland, Howard Channel, A. Brown, D. Adam, R. Langley, E. Austin, B. Vipond, A. Smith, E. Middleton, M. Prichard, J. Redheffer.

Schedule and Results.

Sept. 6	—	Old Boys	At	S. W. C.	Tied	8 - 8
Oct. 6	—	Old Boys	"	S. W. C.	Won	6 - 8
Oct. 10	—	U. B. C. Jrs.	"	S. W. C.	Lost	14 - 12
Oct. 17	—	S. W. C.	"	B. C. S.	Won	7 - 2
Oct. 20	—	S. W. C.	"	S. H. C.	Won	7 - 1
Oct. 26	—	C. H. S.	"	S. W. C.	Won	1 - 9
Oct. 27	—	L. H. S.	"	S. W. C.	Tied	7 - 7
Oct. 31	—	B. C. S.	"	S. W. C.	Won	5 - 12
Nov. 3	—	S. H. S.	"	S. W. C.	Won	3 - 6
Nov. 9	—	S. W. C.	"	U. B. C. Jrs.	Won by Default	

BASKETBALL

The Senior Basketball team, not wishing to be completely eclipsed by the good work the hockey team was doing, held their own throughout a very strenuous season.

Two games with Sherbrooke High showed that both teams were about equal for each claimed one victory.

The Old Boys came out for two games with the squad, and as a result, the honours were evenly divided.

The Newport squad came down several times, and the result was about the same as in the other instances for neither team showed any marked superiority.

The worst upset of the season was handed out by a team from North Troy who, with more playing experience, were victors by a wide margin.

The annual game with the Commissioner's High School of Que-

bec resulted in a win for the College with a one point victory.

Mr. Amaron coached the team throughout the season, and gave a great deal of his time to teach the boys the knack of the game, and his efforts were greatly appreciated by all those who came under his tutelage.

Early in the season Russell Langley was elected captain of the team and he was backed by the following: Don Adam, Bruce Vipond, Jim MacNab, Gerry Whitehead, Joie Redheffer, Bill Peat, Don Gordon, Ralph Whitehead, Bob Kneeland, "Happy" Austin.

HOUSE LEAGUE

The Senior House League was composed of four teams. One was the Staff team and the others were under the leadership of Gerry Whitehead; Russel Langley and Bruce Vipond. The schedule was run off early in December but the play-offs were reserved till after the Christmas Holidays. Gerry Whitehead's squad took top position and became first holder of the new Britton Moore Trophy.

Those of Gerry Whitehead's team were: L. Luker, M. Prichard, B. Peat, P. Poaps, W. Scott, H. Austin.

The Junior House League consisted of three teams led by Art Smith, John Waterman and Archie MacLeod. After a hard fought season Art. Smith's squad managed to come out on top by defeating Archie MacLeod and his followers.

SENIOR HOCKEY

A more successful hockey season than the one experienced this year by the senior team, could not be desired. Although not entered in an organized league, the local sextette was pitted against strong teams from Commissioners High School, Quebec, Lennoxville High School, and Bishop's College School. The boys took part in four games and made a clean sweep of them all.

B. C. S. formed the opposition in the initial game of the season. After a close struggle our players skated off the ice on the long end of a 3 - 1 count.

The second contest was staged against Commissioner's High School at Quebec, when the College squad continued the annual rivalry between the two schools. The boys were once more victorious shutting out their opponents by a 3 - 0 score.

The final two games were played on the same day at Lennoxville. A return game against Bishop's in the afternoon resulted in a 2 - 1 win for the College squad. Following this, the boys engaged the "Lennox-

ville High" team in an evening contest which they took 4 - 1, concluding their season's activities in convincing style.

Jim MacNab was elected to act as captain for the team throughout the season, while the position of coach was filled by Mr. Brown. The latter, who was also coach for the Stanstead Black Hawks of the Border League, deserves special credit for his work in moulding the players into an efficient playing unit.

The personnel of the team follows: Don Gordon, Ph. Poaps, A. Brown, B. Vipond, Hector Channel, A. Smith, J. MacNab, Howard Channel, J. Batcheler, R. Langley.

HOUSE LEAGUE

The Frank and Lester Patrick Trophy was strongly competed for this year, and only after a very hard play-off series did Bruce Vipond's team emerge victorious over Don Gordon's.

There were four teams in the League, each consisting of about ten players, a total of forty boys — thus giving everybody who wanted to, a chance to play. There were two periods a week for hockey with extra for skating.

At the head of the teams were: Bruce Vipond, Don Gordon, Hector Channell and Don Adam.

After a very successful season the play-offs were held and after a close battle Bruce Vipond's team managed to take first place. Don Gordon's squad was second, Hector Channell's third, and Don Adam's fourth.

The championship team consisted of: Bruce Vipond, Murray Prichard, Howard Channell, Alfred Philips, Philip Poaps, Billy McKeage, Henry Slack, Ed. Carr.

TRACK

Ayer's Cliff Track Meet

The 1934-35 track season opened for the third successive year in September, with the holding of the Stanstead County Interscholastic meet at Ayer's Cliff. The College again successfully defended the Ayer's Cliff School Board Trophy, gaining a decisive victory over representatives from a large number of schools throughout the country.

inter-Class Track Meet.

Early in May the 11th Annual Inter-Class Track Meet was held. Due to inclement weather conditions, all the events had to be run on the back campus. As a result no track records were broken. In field events however three new mark were established. Competition was keen throughout the whole meet, and it was only by winning the final event of the day, the senior relay, that Grades X and XI were able to nose out Grade IX, and win the Percy N. Caven Trophy. The Model School gained third place in the meet, and Grades VIII and XII and Bugbee were fourth.

Eastern Townships Track Meet.

The 11th Annual Eastern Townships Interscholastic Track Meet was held a week after the Inter-Class meet. Once again the weather was unfavourable, but this time the longer races were held on the track. Sherbrooke High School for the third successive time won the team championship, and the Southern Canada Power Trophy. Stanstead was a close second, seven points behind, while Waterloo and Magog were third and fourth respectively. The Senior Relay cup returned to the College this year, when Stanstead defeated Sherbrooke by 50 yards in the one mile relay race.

Before the end of the college session several other track competitions will be held. On the 1st of June the annual cross-country championships will be run. Two races will take place this year, the regular senior race, for the Norman Smythe Trophy, and a junior run. The Norman Smythe Trophy will be presented to the class placing the first four runners in the senior race, while individual cups will be given to the winner of each race.

On the 7th of June the annual track meet with Newport High School will be held. Stanstead has been successful in winning this meet during the two years it has been held, but the competition has always been keen, and another close battle is expected again this year.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL 1934-35

Basketball this year got off to a late start and the activities of the season were confined mostly to intramural competition.

A house league was arranged, consisting of five teams. The staff team proved themselves mistresses of all they surveyed and wrested the championship from the Flying Dutchmen, the Arrows, the Tomahawks and the Amazons, who contested their advance with much energy and enthusiasm throughout the whole season.

A trip was taken to Bishop's University to play the co-ed team there on March 30. The first half was played under girls' rules, the second half under boys', as the home team were used to the latter and Stanstead were accustomed to the former. Despite the valiant efforts of the visiting team the co-eds netted twenty points to Stanstead's seven.

The return game was played a week later. Owing to an additional practice at boys' rules in the meantime, or perhaps to the more inspiring home atmosphere the Stanstead team finished their season with a victory, the score being 24 - 13.

The members of the senior team are Bea Walsh, Captain; Andy Cameron, Cora Philip, guards; Peggy Lamb, Anita Laythe, Dorothy La Roche, forwards; Annie Pike and Florence Curtis, subs.

Next year Bea Walsh intends to turn out for Basketball at Queen's, Peggy Lamb for McGill and Andy Cameron for Macdonald College. We hope that the other five will be returning to form the basis of the next year's team.

Much credit is due to Mrs. Amaron who not only coached the team and trained the inexperienced girls who turned out, but who also played in our outside games and was largely responsible for our success.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

The girls have had, on the whole, a very successful hockey year. A league was organized between the "Annex", the Senior Girls and the Staff, which was a great deal of fun.

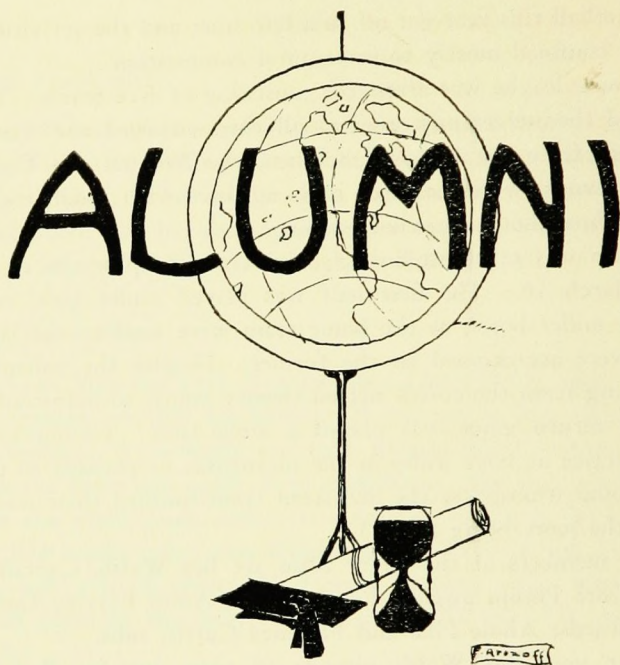
Our first game was with the Staff which resulted in a girls' victory of 4 - 0.

In the next game with the "Annex" we met with defeat, the score being 4 - 2.

We had two other games with the "Annex" and one with the Staff. We were beaten by the Staff this time but managed to tie with the "Annex".

On March 9th the team went to Lennoxville to play the Bishop's Co-eds. Marked improvement was shown in our playing and we carried off the victory with a score of 4 - 2.

Much credit is due to our coach, Mrs. Amaron, for the splendid work and training which she gave to the girls in this sport.



THE ALUMNI BANQUET

The annual banquet of the Alumni Association of Stanstead College was held in the College dining hall, Saturday evening, June 2, 1934.

The tables were gay with flowers and candles, and the very merry company enjoyed a delicious turkey dinner.

Mr. Raymond Wood of Sherbrooke, the president, was toastmaster, and proposed the toast to the King and President. Miss Lea Tanner gave the address to the graduating classes, who were guests of the Association, and who received much sound and witty advice, although the speaker stressed the importance of consideration for others. Frieda Bindman, in her very able reply for the graduates, spoke of her four years just passed at the College as very happy ones.

Mr. Noel de Montigny sang two songs, "The Hern" and "Old Man River" which were enthusiastically encored.

The secretary-treasurer reported the various activities of the year, chief among which, for the local branch, was the procuring of curtains for the College parlors. Miss Flint also reported quite good returns from the recent drive for paid-up active members of the association.

The officers elected for the coming year were: President, Mr. Raymond Wood; Vice-Presidents, for Montreal, Mr. Norman Woods; for Sherbrooke, Dr. E. A. Tomkins; for Quebec, Mr. Campbell Amaron; for Stanstead, Mrs. Ruth Lamb; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Mary Flint. Executive Committee: Mr. E. C. Amaron, Mrs. Percy Poaps and Mrs. F. Wilkinson; standing banquet committee, Mrs. Lee Jenkins, Mrs. Bernice McIntosh and Mrs. Ruth Lamb.

Principal E. C. Amaron gave the toast to "Our Guests", which served as an introduction to Dr. F. B. Smith, of whom he spoke as a very dear old friend, but also told of the extent of his travels and of the large audiences to whom he was accustomed to speak. To this small company Dr. Smith gave a very personal and intimate touch to all he said. His special advice to the graduates was to learn to do some one thing better than anyone else for anyone who could do that would never be without a job. Louise Masten sang three songs, and all were delighted to hear that she is to return to the College next year as vocal teacher. "Our Alma Mater" was proposed by Dr. E. A. Tomkins, to which Mr. C. B. Howard, M.P., replied. Both spoke of the pleasure and profit which they had received while here and of their hopes for the success of the College.

Mr. Howard as chairman of the trustee board, expressed his appreciation of the sacrifices of the teachers to enable all the work to be carried on during the depression.

A very happy evening came to a close with the singing of "Alma Mater" and "God Save the King".



Montreal Meeting

Mr. Amaron attended a meeting of the Alumni held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Woods (nee Dorothy Webster). Others present were Messrs. Frank Wilson, Norman Smyth, Lyman Van Vleit, Ira Hughes, Douglas Amaron, Don Ross, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Hardy (née Mae Collins) and the Misses Jean Campbell and Frieda Bindman. Plans were discussed for a Montreal Association and for dividing the city into sections to facilitate canvassing for membership.



Toronto Meeting

On the occasion of Mr. Amaron's visit a Stanstead reunion was held in Toronto, April 8th at which the following were present: Mrs. Anna Hilliard, Mrs. George Pidgeon, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram O'Neil, Dr.

George J. Trueman, Dr. Perry S. Dobson, Jack Witzel, former Dean of Boys; Alec Trueman, Charlie Bingham, Robert McIntosh, W. A. Deacon, Mrs. F. Grosjean and Mr. Amaron.

An Alumni Association Committee, consisting of Mrs. Hilliard, Dr. Dobson, Mr. O'Neil, Mr. McIntosh, Mr. Deacon, and Mr. W. R. Mountain, was appointed to keep in touch with former Stanstead people residing in the vicinity of Toronto.

— ● —

Executive Meeting.

A meeting was held in the Principal's Office on the evening of May 1st in order to arrange the programme for the banquet to be held on May 18th. Those present were Messrs. E. C. Amaron, R. D. Wood, Dr. Tomkins, Mrs. Ruth Lamb, Mrs. Percy Poaps and Miss Mary Flint. At the close Mrs. Amaron served coffee at the Cottage.

— ● —

IN MEMORIAM.

We extend our sympathy to all the relatives and friends of the following: Mr. George A. Flint who died on July 18th at his home in Stanstead in his 80th year. He was the only Alumnus at the last Jubilee banquet who had attended the College when it first opened.

Mr. L. R. Hovey, brother of the late Mr. Edward Hovey of Rock Island, who died suddenly at Bangor, Maine, while on his way home to Boston on May 31st.

Mr. Howard H. Percy who died on Feb. 8th after a serious operation in the Royal Victoria Hospital. He was in partnership with Mr. Ezra Ball in the Magog Grain & Provision Co.

Mrs. Geo. Critenden (née Gladys Griffith) who died recently in Montreal, where she and her husband resided.

Miss Kathleen Heath who died in Sherbrooke Hospital on Sept. 17th. Her happy contact with the public in the Southern Canada Power Office in Rock Island will be greatly missed.

Mr. Desire Neveu who died very suddenly at his home on June 3rd from a shock which paralyzed him while out motoring. He had been Immigration officer in charge at Rock Island for many years.

Mrs. Erastus Ball who passed away last autumn at her home, Lee Farm, Rock Island. Dr. Ball has long been one of the trustees of the College.

Mr. Frederick Pierce who died last June after a painful illness at the "Maples", Stanstead, which had been the home of his father Mr. Henry Pierce.

Mr. Frederick Alexander Scroggie who died recently at Highland Inn, Val Morin, of which he was proprietor. He was formerly a partner of W. H. Scroggie Ltd., department store, Montreal. He had several thousand books in his Library which made Highland Inn quite unique.

Mr. Willis Keith Baldwin who was murdered at his store, Baldwin's Mills, April 18th in order to obtain what money was on hand. His wife died on the way home from Florida and the double funeral was held at Coaticook. He had operated a large lumber business, a saw-mill and his store and for many years was Liberal M.P. for Stanstead County.

Mrs. Alger who died suddenly last winter at her home in Rock Island. Her daughter, Alma Alger, was for a long time a teacher in the music department of the College.

Miss Hannah Beck who passed away Feb. 20 in England. She had heart trouble and nearly lost her sight but shortly before the end was able to write. Her connection with the College was a long and happy one. At one time she acted as Lady Principal and had charge of the girls, but she will be best remembered by the Annex boys for whom her work was a labour of love. Mr. E. C. Amaron had been one of her helpers and he conducted a very reverent Memorial Service in Pierce Hall.

Mrs. Wright Hovey (née Mary Mansur) who died last December in Winnipeg. She graduated from the College in both piano and organ and was organist at Centenary Church for several years.



MARRIAGES

Our best wishes are extended to: Mr. and Mrs. Alverdo Parker Gordon (née Margaret Henley) who were married on August 3rd in Westmount.

Mr. and Mrs. Derick Adams (née Marie Aloise McManus) who were married last Autumn and are residing in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Robert Campbell Amaron (née Dorothy Anderson Burrell) who were married on June 30th. Mr. E. C. Amaron acted as best man for his brother and Dr. Gerald Halpenny and Mr. Douglas Amaron were ushers.

Mr. and Mrs. John Norman Smyth (née Jeanette Brown) who were married in June. The best man was Allen Jones and Mr. R. C. Amaron was one of the ushers.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Elbert Curtis (née Marjory Smith) who were married in Montreal on June 30th and are living at Shawinigan Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Colby (née Violet Farrow) who were married at Christ Church, Stanstead, on August 14th. They reside at Orleans, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bacon (née Norma Converse) who were married last autumn and reside at Derby Line.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hartley (née Lilian Sinclair) who were married recently and are living in Rock Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Alister Colquhoun (née Helen Findlay) who were married at Compton Station and are living at Providence, R.I. He was at the College in '23.

Mr. and Mrs. Christie (née Eleanor Morrill) of whose marriage we have just heard. Mr. Christie is from Magog.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. David Mansur a son, David Michael, on Jan. 17th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perkins Stockwell (née Alexa Fuller) a son, Henry Perkins the third on March 18th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Menchin Barker (née Jessie Ward) a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Brock (née Iris MacIntyre) on July 11th, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth. They are living in New York.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bertram A. Hill on July 7th, a daughter, Joyce May.

To Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Ross, a son, Alexander Hamilton on Sept. 12th.

Mrs. Volk (née Alma Baker) whose husband is a flyer stationed at Dartmouth, N. S., has two children.

Mrs. Douglas McLaughlin (née Eunice Andrews) has just returned from England accompanied by her daughter who has attended a school of dramatic art in London, to their home in Winnipeg.

Mr. William White is leaving on May 10th for an extended tour, going to Ireland, England, the continent and finally India.

Dr. Basil McLean has been appointed to Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, N. Y. His wife was Carrie Davis and they were married by Mr. E. C. Amaron.

Mr. David Mansur is now manager of the Mortgage Department of the Sun Life Assurance Company.

Douglas (Bill) Amaron won the 440 yard dash at the Inter-Faculty meet at McGill thereby celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of his father's similar victory in 1874. Mr. E. C. Amaron has the cup inscribed with his father's victory.

Hew and Lew Layhew are working in Montreal. Hew at the Sun Life and Lew at his uncle's printing office and are living with their mother. Lew spent 10 months in Newfoundland with his sister Mary

who is married to the Superintendent of Marine Missions. She has two children. Howard Layhew is in New York and has one daughter.

Harriet Colby has been much interested in theatricals this year at McGill being in charge of the Workshop. She played the part of the "Lady in Spectacles" in "Autumn Crocus" of which she made a lovely thing, with a beautifully modulated voice.

D. M. L. dramatic and literary critic of the Montreal Star is Mr. Legate, a former student of the College.

Kay Morrill took the part of one of the daughters in "Interlude" put on by the McGill players.

Maude Martin had an interesting trip abroad last summer.

It is the best possible recommendation for the College when old students send their children. This year Frank Peat has sent two children and Malcolm Astle a daughter.

Beatrice and Margaret Walsh are nieces of Mrs. Oscar Bunt.

Marcelle Gorham is a daughter of an Alumna and a niece of another.

We are glad to have Louise Masten and Elma Martin return to Stanstead on the teaching staff of Pierce Hall.

Lee and Frank Heath are graduating in Arts this spring from Bishop's and Lee is also taking the teachers' course.

Millicent Brennan is taking a course in Sociology at McGill and is writing a paper on Stanstead College.

Martha Lamb is attending an Art School in Boston.

Isabel Morrill entered the Montreal General Hospital last September and has passed her probation.

Mrs. Geo. Shearer (née Mary Ball) and her daughter Peggy Mansur enjoyed an extended motor trip through England and Scotland last summer and also visited the Continent.

Miss Newington visited Stanstead before opening her studio for the study of music in New Bedford, Mass., on Oct. 1st.

On a trip through Ontario last summer Mary and Dorothy Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Flint saw many College Alumni. The Dobsons at St. Thomas, the Fishes from Ayer's Cliff and Sam Bridgette. At Brantford, Ruth Pomeroy, Mrs. Jack McDougal (née Winona Pomeroy) and Miss Edwards. Miss Elsie MacFadzen and her brother visited the same places at nearly the same time.

Henrietta Ball is a technician of the Laboratory of East St. John Tuberculosis Hospital, St. John, N.B.

Elinor Ball is a third year nurse-in-training in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Ruston Lamb, president of Bishop's Debating Society, presided

at the debate between the combined team of Oxford and Cambridge against Bishop's. The visitors were victors in upholding the affirmative, "Resolved that Fascism is internationally a retrogressive force and within the State a disruptive element." Ruston has also been chosen to act as Chairman at the Model Assembly of the League of Nations to be held at Stanstead College, May 3, 4 and 5.

Anna Marie Du Bois who is teaching in Montreal will take her sister Jacqueline to Switzerland for a year's stay while Anna Marie will return at the end of the summer.

Esther Irving was dietician at the Badminton Club, Kingston, Ont., last winter.

At McGill Frieda Bindman upheld the negative of "Resolved that a B.A. degree represents to the average student 4 years well spent," and the negative won. Frieda, while here, was an excellent debater.

Howard Vissar is living at Thetford Mines.

Erle V. Pocock, who was a student in '23, is living in Meredith, N. H.

The following old students of the College attended the Eastern Townships Track Meet, held here on Saturday, May 19th: Donald Jenks, Clayton Sterling, Stuart Dunbar, Malcolm Mowle, Glen Brown, Wallace Swallow, Charlie Cook, Harold Mandigo, Stanley Meigs, Florence Bowen, Isabell Morrill, Darrel Bloomfield, Adele Noble, Frank Heath, Gordon Taylor, Ronald Reed, Lawrence Pergau, Mervin Roger, James Cadham, George Belyea, Bob Currie, Bill Amaron, Ayton Hodge, Francis Carlton, Francis Buchanan, Millicent Brennan, Elwyn Thomas, Hugh Skinner, Clark Lawton, Miss Ada Wilson.

The football game played in the autumn between the College and the Old Boys represented by Hartley, Farley, Dean Brown, Bready, Wells, Norris, Parker, G. Brown, Garceau and Sisco resulted in a tie, 8 to 8.

A few of the other visitors during the year who were alumni are Mr. E. Allard of Sutton a student here thirty years ago, Mr. Kenneth Hall of Montreal West, a student six years ago; Miss Sutherland a teacher last year, Mrs. Holding, Dr. Trueman and Miss Margaret Masten.

The College teams went to Quebec as usual and had the same pleasant contacts with Alumni there with much better weather and luck in games than last year.

Donald McGaffey has been transferred from the Royal Bank, Rock Island to Quebec City.

The Alumni Association is making a major effort to secure a large membership in order to work for some definite object to be decided upon at the banquet. Nearly a thousand circulars have been sent out to old students and the thanks of the Association are due to Mrs. Lee Jenkins

who gave so much of her time to stamp and address six hundred envelopes.

Mrs. Aikens and Miss Jessie Colby, O.B.E., who have spent the winter in Honolulu are on their way home by easy stages.

Mr. Gordon Pfeiffer has had his paintings on view at two of the galleries at Eatons, Montreal. He also had two pictures in the Spring Exhibition at the Art Gallery. We know how beautiful and interesting they are as he so kindly held an exhibition in the College parlours two years ago.

Mr. John Craig and his brother Col W. C. Craig have just opened a new departmental store in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, which makes the fourth store owned by Craig Bros. They went West in 1902 and started business with their uncle in Olds, Alberta. Their own first store was in Vermillion, Alberta, and they now have stores in Turtleford and North Battleford, Saskatchewan. The president, Mr. John Craig and Mrs. Craig plan to make their home in Prince Albert and their two sons came to open up the new stock. The wife of the Office Manager, Mrs. Charles Mooney, was Miss Jean Craig. The Vice-President, Col. W. C. Craig, was wounded in 1916.

Mrs. Lily Hambly Hobbs who was voice teacher here some years ago and has since taught in the Southern States returned to Montreal last year for a rest and then went to Chicago where her son Edwin has a position. Her daughter Christabelle is a nurse-in-training at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Mr. E. C. Amaron was guest speaker at the annual meeting of the S. C. M. of McGill of which he is a Past-President.

The engagement of Miss Phyllis Laythe and Mr. Donald Gray of Montreal is announced.

Cordelia Stratton is a nurse-in-training at the Sherbrooke Hospital.

Helen Laing has recently gone to Montreal to take a position offered her in the Telephone Co.

Wilfred Charland is radio announcer over CHLP, Montreal.

Margaret MacMillan after graduating at Brightlook Hospital, St. Johnsbury, Vt., has remained there on special duty.

Marjory Rudd has a position in the office of Spencer Co., Rock Island.

Bill Stockwell is taking Dentistry at McGill.

Ivan Stockwell has been appointed Principal of Buckingham H. S.

Bill Campbell has a job with Price Bros. at River Bend.

Bill Amaron was appointed Sports Editor of the McGill Daily for next year.

Dr. F. O. Call of Bishop's is certainly versatile for besides being Prof. of French he writes travel books, is a gardener and collector of antiques, writes poetry and now paints. He had a lovely picture of peonies at the Spring Exhibition of the Arts Association of Montreal. Perhaps something of his feeling for all these may be seen in his poem below:

PRAYER

Save me from easy beauty, god that watches
Over the artist who, with groping hand,
Reaches out into the void and snatches
Some shred of liveliness — a gleaming brand
Plucked from the dark. Away from Flower-starred meadows
And sunlit waters let me turn my eyes,
To seek the austere beauty of blue shadows
Drifting across the red of sunset skies.

Let me find beauty in bare boughs that shiver
On wind-swept hilltops where no bird may hide,
In hard green ice beside a silent river
With hungry waters gnawing at its side,
Till strong as love of life shall grow my faith
That burning beauty lights the face of Death.

Mr. Carter: "Murray, give me a sentence with the word analyse."

Murray: Anna says she doesn't like plum pudding, but oh, how analyse!"

* * *

Gerry to Mr. Amaron: "You only gave me B on my R. E. notes, sir."

Mr. Amaron: "Well, what's the matter with that?"

Gerry: "Well, the person I copied them from got A."

* * *

When Noah died he went to Heaven and became the Archangel.

* * *

The Annex claim that Stanstead is a jail. From one point of view this seems to be true. During the winter the students assembled at Sing-sing every Tuesday evening.

